

THE
NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965

MAY 31, 1965 . . 35c

The Teach-In

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New Forum for Reason

WEBSTER SCHOTT

Jungle Law in the Farm Belt

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Joyce and Eliot

A Tale of Shem & Shaun

Nathan Halper

LETTERS

Death of a bank

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Michael Harris mars his otherwise fair and accurate article ["Failing Banks and Sporty Bankers," *The Nation*, Apr. 26] by giving credence to the wholly untrue report that Comptroller of the Currency James J. Saxon withheld "highly critical comments" on the San Francisco Bank from other federal regulatory agencies. . . . Actually the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank received the entire report of every examination made of the San Francisco National Bank, and on March 17, 1965, Comptroller Saxon wrote to the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board so stating.

Moreover, by reporting that the Comptroller of the Currency "intercepted and filed away" a recommendation that the FBI look into the operation of the San Francisco National Bank, Mr. Harris seems to imply not only that Mr. Saxon was guilty of some indiscretion but that FBI involvement might somehow have contributed to the bank's solvency or prevented its failure.

In point of fact, nothing was "intercepted." The decision whether and at what stage to advise the Justice Department about a situation lies completely within the discretion of the Comptroller of the Currency. . . .

W. Robert Grubb
Special Assistant to the
Comptroller of the Currency

Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: My report was based on the testimony of three witnesses who appeared before the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee in Washington on March 16 and 17.

A. E. Larsen, San Francisco regional Comptroller of the Currency, acknowledged that he did not furnish the Federal Reserve with copies of what he called "working papers." These were the portions of the bank examination reports revealing corruption in the San Francisco National Bank.

Abram Merritt, vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, testified that in previous years full reports about questionable banks had been forwarded by the Comptroller's office as a matter of standard practice. This procedure changed after Mr. Saxon took office, Mr. Merritt said. . . .

Victor E. Del Tredici, a federal bank examiner, testified he had written a letter on June 22, 1964, addressed to U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole of San Francisco about possible law violations in the bank. But Mr. Del Tredici's superiors held up the letter. . . .

As Mr. Grubb points out, it was up

to Mr. Saxon to decide last June whether Mr. Del Tredici's letter possessed sufficient merit to warrant its being forwarded to Mr. Poole. In retrospect, it appears that Mr. Saxon made an error in judgment. *Michael Harris*

Incentive against leisure

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Frank Musgrove's article on the teen-age revolt against middle-class symbols and occupations ["The Teen-Age Aristocracy," *The Nation*, Apr. 26] puts the proposals of Robert Theobald [*The Nation*, May 11, 1963] and others for guaranteeing an income without regard to work in an interesting light.

According to Mr. Musgrove, the young are beginning to see that "the income from 'working-class' employment may often be superior, the leisure more abundant." If this is true and they already are asking themselves, as he suggests—"Who, in his senses, would be a surgeon?"—just how are we going to insure a supply of surgeons, nurses, teachers and all the other professional persons we need? . . . Since our need for factory workers will go on declining as automation increases and our need for professional persons will go on increasing, it would seem that we need to reinforce the incentives of the occupations in which the need will grow and reduce the incentives to be useless in a world that needs the best all of us can deliver.

Helen Bugbee

Correction

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In my article "The Mississippi Challenge" (*The Nation*, May 17), through a typing and proofreading error for which I, alone, am responsible, one of my legal colleagues, in the taking of depositions at Batesville, was referred to as Roy Collins. This should have read Roy Jackson, and I might add that there are few more principled, courageous and able young lawyers than Roy Jackson of Danbury, Conn.

George Slaff

Phenomenal

Huntington, W. Va.

Dear Sirs: I read your article concerning Bob Jones University ["New Curricula for Bigotry" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, Mar. 29] and was shocked to read that I had attended such a prison—I mean university.

I would imagine that your bearded readers thought: "Man, what a square pad." And I am sure the "ministers" just back from Selma are applauding

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such a splendid article—by the way, so is Satan, just back from Selma. . . .

Here are two facts that were not included that should be pointed out. BJU has led all South Carolina universities in the National Teachers Examinations for the past fourteen years. Also, how is the phenomenal growth of the school explained—from thirty students in 1927 to almost 4,000 in 1965? *Walter E. Hatten*

Keep It Rolling!

Two aspects of the teach-in movement stand out. The first is the debate of May 15 on Vietnam, which was relayed from the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington to 110 campuses in thirty-five states and got on the air, at least in part, through a variety of TV and radio outlets. The capital teach-in inspired local teach-ins all over the country. In *The New York Times* Max Frankel characterized the overall demonstration as "the decade's greatest propaganda bargain." He was not exaggerating: who ever expected to get such national impact for \$20,000 to \$30,000? The amateurs made the professionals look amateur—because these amateurs had something to say.

The second aspect is the teach-in as a creative idea. The "in" part of it is derived from the current civil rights movement, but goes back to the sit-in strikes of the thirties. Now only a little more than two months old, it has all the earmarks of a major social innovation. Regardless of the problems the future may bring, the conflicts that will surely arise and the mistakes that will be made, the teach-in has already done something to the intellectual world, on and off the campuses. Academe will never be the same again. The feeling of helplessness in the face of the war juggernaut is gone. Professors and students now know they have a political role to play, that their views count, that to be an intellectual is no mean estate.

The May 15 discussion was carried on at a consistent level of seriousness, with almost total absence of cheap debating tricks and the demagogic appeals which have characterized most of the Johnson Administration's public relations effort. Particularly admirable was Prof. Robert Scalapino's defense of the government's policies. He did not regard them as sacrosanct, and he showed due respect for his opponent's views.

Newsweek (May 24) comments that in a very short time the teach-in has "evolved into an unprecedented nation-wide phenomenon." The reason is that it fills a desperate need which the organizers at the University of Michigan sensed. Once they had acted, they were driven forward by popular pressure. They had started it and they had to lead. The academic community was restive, its members wanted to give, and the timing was just right.

The teach-in carries within itself the seeds of a revived dialogue on the critical issues of our time. The cold war—nearly twenty years of it—has curtailed meaningful debate and discussion on foreign policy. The success of the teach-in shows that at least one section of the American public proposes to maintain a continuing debate on the formation and conduct of foreign policy and on who knows what other areas of national concern. It may be expected that the majority will remain indifferent, but a sizable

minority has been galvanized into action. Arguing for an extension of the ground war in Vietnam, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said his proposal might not sound very satisfactory, "but life is not very satisfactory." But does it need to be a succession of gratuitous disasters? The young especially have a right to hear and be heard; it is their lives that are at stake.

The teach-ins must be continued. Money will be needed, and it may not come as easily once the novelty has worn off and the counterattacks mount. For those who wish to help, the address of the Inter-University Committee is P. O. Box 1385, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

The Impasse

It seemed scarcely possible, but the mess in the Dominican Republic has surpassed the mess in Vietnam. The harassed activist in the White House has received incredibly bad advice. What tomorrow will bring, no one can predict; Santa Domingo is a snake pit. That any success or solace will come out of it for Mr. Johnson is highly improbable. Rather, his troubles seem sure to mount, both in the coming days and over the longer term.

The sequence of developments may be summarized as follows: As in all Latin American countries, the contacts of the American Ambassador were mainly or wholly with the ruling oligarchy and its U.S.-trained praetorian guard. When the revolt broke out, the principal anxiety—both of the U.S. officials on the ground, headed by Ambassador William Tapley Bennett, and his superiors in Washington, all the way up to the President—was that another Castro-type Caribbean state might be in the making. Consequently, the Pentagon was authorized to send in an overwhelming force, Reds were sought and duly discovered among the Constitutionalists, and a possible victory by these "rebels" was forestalled.

The Organization of American States was dragged in to give a color of legality to these maneuvers. The President appears to have sensed some danger in the situation, for he sent John Bartlow Martin, ostensibly a friend of Juan Bosch, the last constitutional President, as his personal mediator. Complete and unequivocal support of the Constitutionalists at this point might have saved the day, but this was not the solution favored by Washington. A shaky cease-fire prevailed for a few days, while Washington vacillated. The Dominican military, defenders of a Trujillo-succession *status quo*, saw their opportunity and attacked the Constitutionalists once more, incidentally firing on the American Embassy. Then the President sent down a mission headed by McGeorge Bundy.

Gen. Antonio Imbert Berrera, the junta leader (chosen by the United States at one juncture in the interplay of plots and counterplots) rejected any com-

promise. "If you want to turn this country over to communism we will have no part of it," he told Bundy and his party. The original U.S. version that the revolt was all a Red plot suited Imbert and his colleagues perfectly. "Why the hell did the United States bring all those troops here if it isn't concerned about a Communist problem?" he asked newsmen. He was really asking Mr. Johnson, who might find it a difficult question to answer.

The American military moved into the diplomatic vacuum. Reporting in the New York *Herald Tribune* of May 20 from Santo Domingo, Barnard L. Collier tells of American troops firing into Constitutionalist positions, securing territory won by the junta, stopping trucks carrying food into Constitutionalist territory with the avowed purpose of starving the "rebel" troops into submission, and otherwise acting as junta allies, while the junta radio broadcast that 24,000 American troops were helping junta forces to win the battle "against international communism." The assertion of American participation was true. "That's the enemy over there," Collier quotes a sergeant of the 82nd Airborne as saying. "We are going to shoot the bastards if they stick their heads out."

That will make fine reading in Latin America, where several similar situations are in the making. Mr. Johnson has allowed himself to be led into a diplomatic shambles. If he still has any idea of curbing the junta and the oligarchy behind it, the time grows short. And since the President and his advisers have landed in a cul-de-sac, is there no one in the United States Government who can lend a hand? What about the Senate Foreign Relations Committee? Or are the professors of the teach-in movement the only ones with the courage to speak their minds?

Up All Night

In the weeks since Jean-Paul Sartre first published his reasons for canceling his lectures at Cornell ["Why I Will Not Go to the United States," *The Nation*, April 19] events in the United States have apparently caused the French political philosopher to change his evaluation of the forces at work in this country. At least, a cable from Sartre received by the teach-in group at Boston University on May 5 is in a tone quite different from his earlier somewhat scornful dismissal of American academics and intellectuals as a significant factor in the present crisis. M. Sartre's cable says, in part:

I am sorry that I cannot be present with you today, but I want you to know that I am in complete sympathy with your demonstration. It is comforting for us to see that the opposition of the intellectuals to the policies of your government grows stronger every day. . . .

The reprimand of Dean Rusk to the intellectuals reminds us of the time when Bourges Maunoury, Minister of War during the Algerian War, addressed those whom he called "our beloved professors," criticizing them violently for their influence on

French youth. These clumsy accusations indicate at least a certain uneasiness. . . .

As for us, in spite of our efforts, we did not succeed in mobilizing our public opinion during the Algerian conflict. But it is useful and deeply necessary to bear public witness that certain levels of a nation disapprove without reservation the use of naked force. If we did not contribute to stopping the war, at least we showed the Algerians (who have not forgotten it) that France was not unanimous in its desire to brutally repress their insurrection.

I wish you better luck than we had and ardently hope that you succeed. . . . But even if you do not succeed, your demonstrations will not be in vain: They take place at a moment when irresponsible men are engaged in presenting to the world an odious image of your country and they will help us to realize that this image is false and that the rising generation is determined to dissociate itself from it completely. . . .

When your youth, formed by courageous teachers, is of age to take over the management of affairs, there will be every reason to hope that a profound change will take place in the United States and in the world. . . .

It is not a complete exaggeration to say that Sartre's message to Boston University is evidence that the teach-ins have already won a victory. If they have convinced Europe's most tough-minded critic of America that its people are not all rendered impotent by affluence, they must also be implanting more tolerable notions of this country in other foreign minds. The Algerians, says Sartre, remember; so perhaps will the Vietnamese and the Dominicans. The teach-ins have not yet substantially reduced present dangers (perhaps it is unrealistic to think that they can), but they have, on the evidence of M. Sartre's most cordial statement to America within recent memory, kept alternatives open to the future. Countries as well as men can be ostracized; the teachers and students talking straight through these spring nights make that fate less likely.

Senseless Slaughter

In an article, "Are Wild Animals Doomed?" [*New Scientist*, June 25, 1964] John Hillaby concluded that probably they were, and added a warning: "Conservationists, myself among them, have argued that nothing lives alone. What happens to the rhinoceros tomorrow may happen to man the day after. In destroying the irreplaceable we are unquestionably destroying a part of ourselves." This is bad enough when it involves animals that are valued primarily for aesthetic, educational or scientific reasons but, as Hillaby pointed out in the March 8, 1965, *Nation* ["South Atlantic: Death of the Whales"] the same brutal, myopic exploitation threatens to wipe out creatures which also have economic value.

A slight consolation may be found in the fact that

in the case of the whale Americans are on the side of conservation, while the Norwegians, Russians and Japanese, instead of looking after their capital stock like sensible farmers, have been shooting the big whales out of existence. At the present rate, there will soon be so few left that the industry will have put itself out of business through sheer greed.

At a meeting of the International Whaling Commission last summer, these three nations and the Netherlands, which subsequently sold its fleet to Japan, blocked an attempt to agree on restrictions on Antarctic catches. As a result, during the last season—December to April—stocks of the sei whale were reduced by about 20,000, leaving around 47,000, which at the present killing rate will soon leave too few for economic operation. The larger fin whales were likewise depleted. The Russians are even reported to have killed eleven blue whales, on which there is supposed to be a totally closed season.

Another meeting was held three weeks ago in London to consider the situation. This time the United States and the USSR, with ten other nations, took a joint stand against a continuation of uncontrolled slaughter. The Norwegians were willing to go along with a reduced-catch agreement, and the Russians promised to cut their fleets in half. But the Japanese would have none of it. They are not necessarily worse than their competitors, however. The Norwegian fleets are partly amortized, and so are the Soviets'; but the Japanese have largely new ships and they intend to get their investment back, regardless of consequences. It is another case of insensate free enterprise in action, and the result threatens to be the same as in the past—the loss of a priceless human heritage for the benefit of a new breed of robber barons.

An End to the Chair

The New York State legislature has made a historic advance toward the abolition of capital punishment by the passage of a bill which would virtually eliminate this instrument of vengeance from our penal system. Governor Rockefeller has been quoted as objecting to the bill because of its two minor exceptions to the elimination of executions. One was designed primarily to allay the misgivings of law-enforcement officials who were concerned that a person who had already committed three felonies might, in the course of committing a fourth, decide to kill a police officer rather than face the mandatory life sentence imposed on four-time felons. The other concerns a prisoner, already serving a life sentence, who kills during the course of an escape. In neither case, it was felt, would a life sentence for killing provide additional punishment.

Because of these exceptions the bill may seem imperfect to those who believe that the state should never take a life. But for those who believe that capital punishment should be abolished because it has been shown to be totally unnecessary to protect society against murderers, to those who believe that capital punishment discriminates against the poor (which means the racial minority groups), to those who believe that capital punishment demeans our society and hinders the administration of justice, this bill is a major breakthrough which will influence legislatures throughout the country. It would be a tragedy if Governor Rockefeller were to veto this bill. We urge him to approve it and to recommend, at the same time, that the exceptions now in the bill be eliminated so that the electric chair can join the rack and the screw in the museum for discarded relics.

The Teach-In

NEW FORUM FOR REASON . . . Webster Schott

St. Louis, Mo.
Lyndon B. Johnson has lost the academic intellectuals and is in serious trouble with the student generation of voters.

Affiliated with the national teach-in at Washington that failed to produce McGeorge Bundy, some 100 teach-ins were held at colleges and universities across the country on May 15. At Washington University in St. Louis, the teach-in began at 1:00 P.M., with radio-telephone hookup to the Washington debate;

it ended the next morning at 1:30. Professors and students then swept up cigarette butts, paper plates, leftover French fries, and rearranged chairs and tables for breakfast in Wohl Student Center cafeteria.

I attended the Washington University teach-in because the Ad Hoc Committee on Foreign Policy there had placed the public needle in McGeorge Bundy, Presidential adviser, that led to his accepting an invitation to appear at the national teach-in held by the Inter-University Committee for a Public Hearing on Vietnam.

Earlier Bundy had rejected the Washington University committee's letter of April 10, inviting him to

come to St. Louis for a teach-in debate. "I find strange your assumption that a public official is somehow accountable to the profession in which he worked before coming to the government. . . ." He closed by saying that if the letter, which raised questions about American policy in Vietnam, "came to me for grading as a professor of government, I would not be able to give it high marks." The exchange of correspondence became national news. The professors' letter, signed by 127 Washington University faculty members, was transmitted by Robert Buckhout, secretary of the Ad Hoc committee. A 29-year-old assistant professor of psychology,

Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest and reviews for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and The Christian Science Monitor.

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Buckhout was chairman of the Washington University teach-in.

For three hours, students and faculty intermittently listened, hissed, applauded, read, wandered, took notes, tape recorded and ate to the debates taking place 750 miles away. If there was a hero in these Washington exchanges, brought to St. Louis at a cost of \$200, paid by faculty contributions, he was Hans Morgenthau. Cheers arose when he demanded "full and honest answers" from the government about Vietnam instead of "contradictions, half-truths and double talk." If there was a villain, he was McGeorge Bundy who canceled his appearance shortly before air time because of "important national business."

In the absence of Mr. Bundy, the Washington teach-in became a three-hour version of "Meet the Academics," but the crowd grew in the ground-floor northwest bay of Wohl Center, and soon Dr. Buckhout took the debate upstairs to the cafeteria, where there was room for several hundred more.

Academia was to be seen in profile: beetle haircuts and beards; barefoot girls with elbow-length hair and Daisy Mae shorts; little old ladies in hair nets; professors pulling on their pipes; a man in overalls; middle-aged "adult education" women who might have been on their way to the A & P; and outside Wohl the inevitable baby carriages. Although Plato was invoked later in the day, only the Greeks stayed home: I saw just one fraternity pin.

The repetitiousness of the panelists' arguments combined with the marvel of electronic technology somehow managed to render boring the life-and-death issues being argued at the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington. In St. Louis, the good guys and bad guys had been identified by the location of their names on the wall. The audience fidgeted, reflexed and stared as if waiting for a bull to appear and take the place of Bundy, who was assumed to be in hiding. It also waited, somewhat lovingly, for pickets from the Young Americans for Freedom who never showed up.

Everything except the sandwiches, Cokes and smoke changed when the "live" teach-in started late Saturday afternoon. Ideas took on vitality because they came from identifiable personalities. Faculty

and students from Washington University, St. Louis University, Flat River Junior College, the University of Missouri at St. Louis, Maryville College, Eden Theological Seminary and elsewhere delivered papers, made extemporaneous speeches, questioned and answered from the floor as the rotating panel rolled through the night. The interplay among panelists, faculty and students revealed the teach-in as more than a phenomenon of protest and dissent. Could it become a permanent new technique of interdisciplinary education or a means of achieving a consensus of intellectuals on issues of national concern?

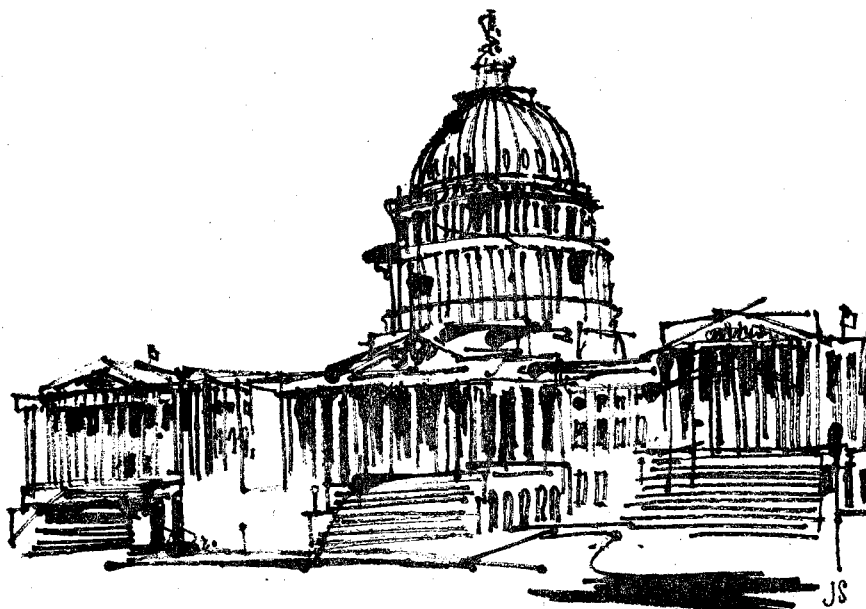
By the time the teach-in had taught itself out, approximately thirty panelists (some unscheduled and improvising hastily) and perhaps 100 five-minute speakers from the audience had discussed the State Department White Paper on Vietnam, national liberation movements in America and Asia, the Vietcong, Leninism, U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, Maoism, international law, the bankruptcy of liberal ideology, the Monroe Doctrine, Madison Avenue, civil rights, racism, capital punishment, Austria and Czechoslovakia, the French underground in World War II, social democracy and capitalism, Algeria, Walter Lippmann and James Reston, creeping involvement, managed news, Mussolini and Ethiopia, the nationalization of British industry, the student-professor relationship, dominoes and checkers, salami and baloney. I took 61 pages

of notes and the only topic conspicuously absent is sex.

There were no good guys and bad guys during the live teach-in. Continuously changing as some 2,000 students came and went for eight hours, the audience of 500 to 600 responded unpredictably. Both defenders and opponents of government foreign policy found support. The only speakers left hanging on threads of applause were those who lacked facts, took vague positions, or droned abstractions. Around midnight, Buckhout asked whether someone didn't want to heckle, and someone did. Students came to the teach-in because they wanted to know.

The largest ovation of the day or night followed a long, detailed account of Indo-Chinese social and political history by Father Francis Corley, a Jesuit professor of Asian studies at St. Louis University. Students took notes on French colonialism, Bao Dai, the Geneva accords of 1954, the Diem family government, changes in Vietnamese regimes, the formation of the National Liberation Front and the Vietcong. Father Corley called the last "both a gamble and a wonderful opportunity for the Communist Party of North Vietnam." The enthusiasm for this painstaking presentation supported a point made at the start of the teach-in by Dr. Bernard Baumrin, associate professor of philosophy and one of the teach-in organizers.

"There is nothing improper in what we are doing here," he said. "We are just covering up for, or



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updating, a poorly designed curriculum. We forgot to have courses on Southeast Asia politics in the curriculum this year. The academic community failed in Germany during the 1930s. We are not going to let it happen here."

The audience and speakers wanted a discussion of foreign policy in Vietnam and anything else entering their heads, not an old-fashioned revival meeting to convert the State Department. But tar and feathers were more or less always at hand.

Baumrin went on: "The U.S. is engaged in aggression against North Vietnam. Twenty years of economic improvement in North Vietnam is being wiped out while we talk. . . . Our whole policy of anti-communism is clichés, not principles. (Applause.) The Administration has convinced itself that clichés are principles. . . . It's the principles, not the facts, which are the issue, even assuming the Administration has all the facts. . . . The right of open inquiry is a principle, not a cliché. . . . As a result of McGeorge Bundy's failure to engage in debate, the national teach-in has now assumed much larger proportions and has become a national criticism by the academic community of the Administration's foreign policy."

Successive academicians probed, attacked and illuminated. The audience listened, applauded, ate and lined up for questions. There was no typical speech. They ranged through history and, it seemed, through eternity:

Theodore H. Von Laue, professor of history at Washington University:

The national teach-in movement has tried to force an experiment in direct democracy. The great disappointment of the Johnson Administration is that it is committed to a program of economic and social development at home and has found itself wrapped up in a war it cannot end. We are striving for a "negotiable position." Everyone seems to agree: get out of Vietnam. The question is how. The United States "cannot negotiate from an empty wagon." Our only real strength in Vietnam is military offensive and escalating the war. Our government cannot talk back to criticism of its Vietnam policy because it has no case. The U.S. has swallowed the Communist interpretation of history. Marx originated the domino theory, not Dulles: from a beginning base

for communism, Russia, more and more territory will fall into place. "There is no basic American interpretation of the dynamics of global political development." The real culprit is "American ignorance." How many June graduates of Washington University will really understand the history, culture, character and ambitions of the people of Southeast Asia?

Joseph Summers, professor of English at Washington University:

Dean Rusk's anger at the academic community is that it "dares to violate established bureaucratic procedures." Professors "don't believe Rusk's handouts because we've been lied to too often." First the political chaos in South Vietnam was due to Diem, then to the Buddhists, now to the Vietcong. Which is it? The truth is the U.S. has been willing to risk a world war rather than admit its own defeat. The real political issue facing the Johnson Administration is not whether professors should question foreign policy, but whether the U.S. can afford the kind of military victories it is seeking over the Vietcong, democratically constituted governments in South America, and elsewhere in the world.

Earl Reeves, professor of political science at the University of Missouri in St. Louis:

Academicians can speak more freely than those in government. The crucial matter is the issues discussed during the national teach-in, not the insult of the government's failure to produce Mr. Bundy or refusing to provide panelists for the Washington University teach-in. Government does not contribute to the satisfactory discussion of issues; that is up to the electorate. "If we feel unhappy because the government has not treated us with respect, let us not return the favor." President Johnson, not the Congress, made a vote of confidence out of the recent supplemental appropriation for the war in Vietnam. Congress debated the issues; we cannot say those who voted for the appropriation failed of their responsibility. "There may be some virtue in the government position and we must examine it carefully before condemning it."

Gray Dorsey, Nagel professor of jurisprudence and international law, Washington University:

Revolutionary communism addresses itself to the problem of producing and distributing to the masses and asserts its right to go anywhere to establish its order of society. Historically the political question was who has the right to govern. Today it is how shall we organize society to produce and dis-

tribute. Presently the world is evolving systems that will permit agreements about who has the right to use violence to reorganize society. Crisis situations lead to solutions. The split between managership and ownership of American industrial property suggests that systems of achieving economic change rather than change itself is the problem.

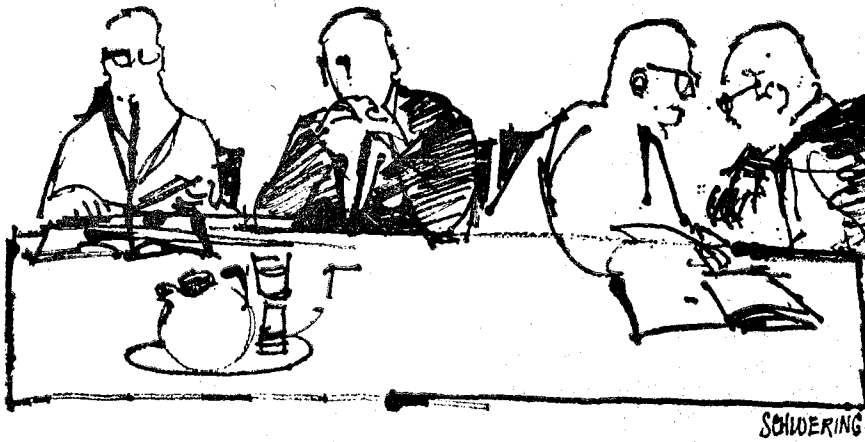
Irving Horowitz, associate professor of sociology, Washington University:

We've been betrayed by Walter Lippmann and James Reston. Right about Vietnam, they have suddenly approved United States intervention in "the banana republics" and proclaimed a *Pax Americana*. They've said, "Let's get realistic, fellows. We can't control the whole world. This is the 20th century. We can only handle the Western hemisphere."

The whole problem of saving face—in Vietnam, in Cuba, in Santo Domingo—has replaced making money in American culture. "Ridiculous. When I was a boy only the Chinese saved face." Our ultimate arrogance is presuming to publish a list of fifty-eight Dominican Communists in American newspapers; and "not one of them could be found in rebel headquarters." In Santo Domingo counter-insurgency has preceded insurgency in time. It's a new phenomenon we've invented. "I say, let's join the world of revolutionists. That's the spirit of our forefathers. It really won't hurt!" (Great applause.)

And so it went. The professors argued: Richard Yang, an associate professor of Asian studies, who sounded as though he had been flown in from Formosa especially for the occasion, demanded that the United States behave like a real tiger and stop the Communists. Stanley Spector, Yang's chief at Washington University, insisted otherwise: "Since 1949, we've pursued a vicious policy toward China. We've frustrated her industrialization, tried to consign the Chinese to oblivion in our imagination, if not in reality . . . and our omniscient President knows that China's goal is all of Asia despite the fact there's not a single Chinese soldier outside of China tonight. . . . What we fear about China is that the Chinese may have American responses. With American forces so near they may become trigger-happy." China wants and must have neutral buffer states, he said.

Apparently, there is at least a little exoticism built into every teach-in. The casual decorum and ra-



tionality at Wohl Center (no folk singers, dancing or fights) broke down as we approached early morning. Suddenly at the speakers' table there appeared a heavy-set young man wearing blue jeans, a T-shirt, and a Turgenev beard. A member of the Student Peace Association, he confessed over the public-address system that he had loved his country when he came to the university. But since then he had discovered that his mother was America, his father was Batista, and he himself was Fidel Castro. A few minutes later, Art Fillmore, a free-lance photographer and World War II bomber pilot, recently returned from making a USIA film on the war in South Vietnam, unexpectedly moved onto the program. "I haven't heard a single suggestion tonight about what to do in Vietnam," Fillmore said with the look and stance of Gary Cooper. He said he had lost respect for Dr. Spector and all the speakers. "I've been anti-government for twenty-five years. Our government double-crossed me in World War II, and I don't trust them. . . . Talk about U.S. withdrawal is "stupid because it's unrealistic," he said. The buzz of the crowd stopped. Someone dropped a glass. "I don't want to see any more Vietnamese killed; I've seen too many of them killed and dying. I love those people. . . . I am opposed to the war, too, but I don't know how else we're going to stop it except by the course we're following now." Prof. R. Gene Burns leaped up to tell Fillmore his speech was "the least pertinent of any we have heard today." And Dr. Spector defended the whole teach-in idea: "I cannot imagine that you find this a humorous exercise. I, too, have seen friends die at the hands of Communists — in

Malaya—but I do not believe it is just for this nation to be put repeatedly in positions where we must kill or be killed."

After these two brief emotional breakthroughs, I expected the spontaneity of group therapy to take over. But no. Resuming the academic tone, James O'Connor, professor of economics at the university, described the failure of liberalism to provide an ideology to deal with change. The product of the urban middle class, it has no relevance to the cultures of Southeast Asia, he said. A student wanted to know whether the academic community didn't have to reach the public to influence the government? Yes, he was told by Baumarin, and this meeting, tied to 100 others, was the way to do it.

Waiting for a cab in the cool St. Louis morning and listening to the students outside Wohl Center buttonhole the professors for still more words, I wondered whether the assorted pieces of the teach-in made a logical whole.

The Washington University teach-in typified the national exodus of intellectual from the Johnson camp. Among the real movers of the St. Louis teach-in—Buckhout, Baumarin, William Long, an instructor in English; Peter Gaspar, an assistant professor of chemistry; Daniel Bolef, a professor of physics; Barry Commoner, chairman of the Botany Department—were several who had organized the highly effective Missouri Scientists, Engineers and Physicians for Johnson and Humphrey during the last election. For intellectuals it had been a bad choice from the start—Lyndon Johnson or Barry Goldwater. To find Johnson fulfilling Goldwater's foreign-policy campaign promises

seven months later is, as Dr. Gaspar said, "simply unbearable."

To make matters worse, the aides held over by Johnson from the Kennedy administration appear to have sold out. The intellectual stronghold in the White House slipped to a toehold after November; now it's nonoperational. Adlai Stevenson defends the presence of 30,000 American Marines and soldiers in Santo Domingo. McGeorge Bundy gives 127 Washington University professors bad marks for a letter questioning foreign policy. Dean Rusk wonders at the "gullibility of educated men." The State Department sends out "truth teams," reminiscent of the Republican National Committee's Congressional squads, to lecture professors and students (see "Sit Down and Shut Up," by Donald Janson, *The Nation*, May 24). Yet despite pressure from Missouri's two Senators, the Department couldn't provide speakers for the Washington University teach-in.

There are other frustrations. Buckhout and Baumarin got a Vietcong propaganda film, *Heroic South Vietnam*, from Boston University's May Second Committee and showed it and a film of Wayne Morse speaking at Yale in an adjoining room during the teach-in. But the law prevented their use of a USIA propaganda film to balance the Vietcong harangue. USIA pictures cannot be shown in the U.S.

Leadership of the teach-in at Washington University came from two groups: young professors and graduate assistants in physical and social sciences and the humanities; and older professors in the physical sciences. No one on the Washington University law faculty or in the Political Science Department signed the Ad Hoc committee's letter. No one from the political science faculty appeared as a speaker or panelist, though political scientists came from other schools.

Physical science leadership in the teach-in movement is evident everywhere. Professor Dorsey says the physical scientists are troubled because they see the United States using force, a method which they are not acquainted with as a means of achieving goals in international affairs. Furthermore, they are "reacting against the value aridity of methodology; until just recently you could be scientific only if you eliminated subjectivity." To some extent Dr. Bolef agrees. A former

research physicist for Westinghouse, he says the atomic bomb put scientists into international affairs. More important, they can lead attacks on government foreign policy because their research grants are not made by federal agencies responsive to State Department pressure. Political science grants are.

Students who question our foreign policy are coming from the same social-action groups that have participated in civil rights demonstrations. Ronald Landsberg, the student who ran the projector for the Vietcong-Wayne Morse films, is active in SNCC. A busload of Washington University students went to Selma. On May 17 and 18, Landsberg's Student Speaker's Forum brought Claude Lightfoot, an American Negro Communist, to the campus for two days of debates. The teach-in carries the fervor, the grind, the provocation, and even a name derived from the civil rights movement. But the teach-in is different. This revolt against the existing power structure in the United States must have faculty leadership, organization and participation. The physical requirements demand at least tacit administration approval. Thomas H. Eliot, Chancellor of Washington University who rose to his post from the Political Science Department, was unavailable for comment on the teach-in. On several other occasions, however, he

has defended academic freedom. The provost, George E. Pake, declined to comment on the teach-in directly, saying the university was neither for nor against it. However, he said, "the university is in favor of anything which brings about a free and open discussion of national issues."

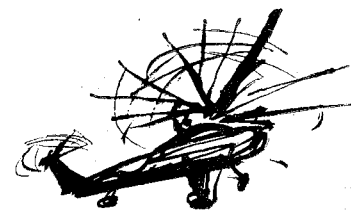
Several issues were resolved at the Washington University teach-in. No one except Professor Yang wanted the war in Vietnam expanded; everyone else agreed the only solution was negotiation. A dozen other issues were clarified, including the Ad Hoc committee's original bone with McGeorge Bundy: "... Members of the academic community called into Government service as academicians continue to have a responsibility to the principles of scholarly discourse: free and open debate, and principles which underline decisions."

Buckhout, Baumrin, Long and the scientists stuck to this position. Von Laue, Dorsey, Spector and Reeves said otherwise. Highly critical of the State Department, Spector told me he had thought the letter "ill advised" but had signed it anyhow. Dorsey said Bundy is responsible to the President and the President is responsible to the people. Von Laue said it was irresponsible for Baumrin to say that Bundy has pursued "an insane policy." And Baumrin replied that since Bundy could give no reasons for

our Vietnam policy it had to be irrational.

Thinking the talkathon over the next day, Buckhout was satisfied with the way it went. "I was especially pleased for the university," he said. There was "a level of involvement on the part of students and teachers I've never seen happen here before. . . . The students at Washington University listened to a balanced presentation. "I was pleased by the contrast with other teach-ins; ours didn't become an anti-government diatribe." The only thing that would have made it more instructive, he said, would have been the presence of people from the State Department. "For three weeks they sat on our request. The day before we began, they said they couldn't fill it because of the Washington teach-in."

Almost young enough to be a student himself, Buckhout is right. The campus Indians are restless on the plains. Someone should tell Lyndon Johnson to send more scouts out to talk with them. By letting them talk to themselves, he makes a mistake that may cost him dear. The country is eavesdropping.



East-West Dialogue

THE 'ONE GERMANY' QUESTION Frederick Kuh

Washington, D.C.
Leading diplomats in the Soviet camp are naming two primary conditions for a German settlement. One is that Bonn shall renounce all territorial claims; the other is a guarantee that West Germany shall neither possess nor have access to nuclear arms. On the other hand, an Allied diplomat has suggested that the best way to make sure that the Germans do not hanker after nuclear weapons is to give them a

Frederick Kuh is a Washington correspondent who specializes in foreign affairs.

share in the planning and control of the Western deterrent. This is given as the purpose of Britain's proposals for an Atlantic nuclear force.

Inquiries in United States and Allied quarters and in the Soviet camp have produced some indications of their thinking on major German problems. Some questions put and the responses elicited are herewith reported:

(1) *How would you sum up the prospects for German reunification?*

In a speech at Davidson College, Davidson, N.C., Secretary of State

Dean Rusk said: "There is no genuinely satisfactory solution to the problems of Germany and Berlin short of the reunification of the country and the re-establishment of a united Berlin as its capital."

The American view remains that unification of partitioned Germany is inevitable, and it has been described as the basis of United States and Allied policy. In American quarters it is generally assumed that Germany will be reunified in this century. One authority said he would be astonished if it does not come about within ten years.

The U.S. view holds that the

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Jusp, Switzerland; Ben Roth Agency
Europe As Far As The Urals

Germans are not an energy unit that can long stay under alien management. West Germany now stands under a NATO guarantee. While secure, Germany has been growing and is now the world's second economic power. The economic strength of both Germanys is such that the advantage of pooling is immense.

East Germany has lifted itself by its boot straps. The food is there, though distribution of some foods is still limited. But the Soviet bloc will not allow German unification. The Poles and Czechs fear Germany. So, concludes the United States, there must be a demonstration that the leopard has changed its spots or there must be an entirely dependable guarantee.

Responsible Allied circles assert flatly that prospects for German unification on any terms which the West, including West Germany, would accept are now nonexistent. Unification would mean Soviet abandonment of East Germany and that at present is not worth considering. Yet the Soviets are aware that the East Europeans, especially the Poles and Czechs, distrust the East Germans as much as the West Germans. So, the Allied comment continued, there may come a time, as in 1956, when Moscow will have trouble holding onto East Germany.

One way out, the Allied authorities add, might be for the USSR to abandon East Germany and allow the country to be reunified in the frame of a general European security system. Such a system

would obviously have to rest upon an accommodation between the Eastern and Western powers providing that the frontiers in Europe shall remain intact. It could be a guarantee by the United Nations.

The Allied analysis continues: If there is to be an agreement, the Soviets must receive an important inducement. And the only people who could say what the West might offer are the West Germans, since they will be the most affected. The West Germans would have to decide what they are prepared to give up as the basis for negotiations.

The same Allied spokesmen say that there is no reason why over the next five to twenty years the Soviets should not come to the conclusion that the expense and effort of clinging to East Germany is excessive. The Allied commentator remarked that the Soviets can maintain their position in East Germany only by keeping their armed forces there. If the Soviets saw signs of an overall European security arrangement that convincingly removed the threat of a unified Germany, they might be ready to make a deal.

(2) *Do you believe that West Germany could exact a price for recognizing the Oder-Neisse line (the present German-Polish frontier)? If so, what price?*

That such recognition has significant bargaining value was dismissed in American quarters as a West German dream. Nobody would pay anything for Bonn's recognition of the Oder-Neisse boundary, since in the eyes of everyone

but the West Germans it is a line no longer in dispute. The furthest any Allied diplomat whom we questioned would go was to suggest that West German recognition of that frontier might be tossed into the basket with more important inducements.

The Soviet bloc, predictably, maintains that recognition of the Oder-Neisse border is not a matter for negotiation. Officially or unofficially, it is recognized by many European nations and must be acknowledged by West Germany as a consequence of World War II.

(3) *What is the prevailing impression as to the probable outcome of the general election in West Germany on September 19? How could the elections alter German foreign policy?*

In principle, it was stated, the two major parties—the Christian Democrats and the Socialists — do not differ on foreign affairs. But the election result could affect the manner in which foreign policy is conducted.

The Socialist leader, Mayor Willy Brandt of Berlin, has taken a stand for better relations with Eastern Europe “by a policy of little steps.” This implies gradual modification of the Hallstein doctrine under which West Germany refuses to maintain diplomatic relations with any country — except Russia — which recognizes East Germany.

But the present government under Chancellor Ludwig Erhard is also committed to closer relations with the East. It has been said that consistency is not a political virtue. And West Germany is now maintaining trade missions in certain East European countries.

As to the likely result of the elections: it is being described as a horse race. The Socialists are better situated to gain power than at any time since the 1949 founding of the republic. A German opinion poll showed the Socialists with 35 per cent, the Christian Democrats with 31 per cent, the Free Democrats with 6 per cent and don't-knows with 27 per cent, besides negligible splinter parties. So the don't-knows can swing the election.

The Allied view is that the election can go in any one of three ways: (a) Continuance of the present Christian Democrat-Free Democrat coalition government with no change in foreign policy; (b) A weaker Christian Demo-

cratic regime, with or without the Free Democrats, but with a very narrow plurality. In this case those Germans who are swayed by Gaullist ideas (more European, more nationalist, more German-French cooperation at the expense of Atlantic collaboration) would be stronger if the right wing of the Christian Democrats won more power; (c) A victory for the Socialists, enabling them to dominate or participate in the government. If the Socialists formed the post-election government or shared in it, West Germany would be less susceptible to de Gaulle's blandishments and more Atlantic-minded.

(4) *How secure will Germany's neighbors be (a) if Germany is unified and (b) if Germany remains divided?*

One proposal has been to unify Germany by free elections but leave the eastern part as a nonmilitary region. Another has been to let the two Germanys grow together by a confederation and by a guarantee of access to Berlin under international auspices.

As Allied diplomats see it, only a European security system could reassure Germany's neighbors. Here again, it is suggested that the United Nations could assume the guarantee. The West Germans believe their own security depends on the United States guarantee and on the presence of American and NATO armed forces on German soil. But if Germany remains divided, some American experts foresee a tendency toward instability. A permanent division, it is said, could lead to an uprising in East Germany. If Germany is reunified, it is stated, it should be under a European security arrangement that could provide guarantees both for Germany and for her neighbors.

Allied comment is that there is unlikely to be another war, whether Germany remains partitioned or not. The threat to peace is so much greater outside Europe, and to speak of a threat to the security of Germany is unrealistic. An Allied diplomat called "inconceivable" the notion that a divided or a united

Germany would launch a war as long as Germany does not possess nuclear weapons. But he added that there is always the danger that Germany might strive for those arms.

(5) *How do you see the evolution of German-French relations, especially if relations between France and the USSR improve? Do you believe the German-French friendship treaty to be durable?*

Despite West German uneasiness after Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's recent Paris visit, Allied opinion is that there is no real prospect now for a French-Soviet entente. The French-German alliance is characterized as essential to any European political cooperation and therefore in the interest of both countries. But Allied specialists hold that the fate of French-German relations depends on whether France and Germany can reconcile their views on how Europe ought to be organized and what European-United States relations should be. "So it depends on whether Germany goes Gaullist or France goes Atlantic."

Congress

MORE ACTION THAN REFORM ... Milton Viorst

Washington, D.C. Congress, which only yesterday looked as dated as a Douglas Fairbanks flicker, presents today a face as fresh as Belmondo swashbuckling in full color. The somber commentators who only recently discussed Congress as a problem in geriatrics can now scarcely contain their enthusiasm at its discovery of the Fountain of Youth. Congress, they say, is no longer obsolescent, no longer the discredited branch of government. It has proved that the American democratic system remains full of the juices of life. But has the legislature found a new lease on life, or only a new layer of theatrical make-up?

The 89th Congress has certainly compiled a remarkable record in its brief existence. It has passed the

most extensive aid-to-education bill in history. It has approved an ambitious program of assistance to Appalachia. It will soon make real a plan of medical care for the elderly that is far more extensive than its supporters dreamed possible a few months ago. It will, on the heels of last year's Civil Rights Act, reform voting abuses so that Southern Negroes may one day go to the polls unmolested. It will end a tradition of Congressional Philistinism by sanctioning the creation of a National Arts Foundation. It will tackle two questions so sensitive that no recent Congress has had the audacity to touch them: a proposal to repeal that section of the Taft-Hartley Act which authorizes state right-to-work laws, and another to end the national origins quota system for foreign immigration.

But this breathless activity proves only that liberals can act if they have an overwhelming majority. For the first time since the New Deal, the liberal preponderance is

so great that it overpowers conservative control of the Congressional machinery. But we owe this preponderance to Barry Goldwater, who proved a magnificent vote-getter for the Democrats, and not to any sudden national commitment to the Great Society. In 1966, Goldwater will not be on the ticket; when the election returns are in a year from next fall, the Capitol marquee may very well announce the closing of Belmondo and the revival of Fairbanks.

The Senate has been behaving in reasonably responsible fashion since 1958, the year of the great Democratic landslide. Though the Byrds and the Eastlands retain disproportionate power through their grip on the committees, they have been deprived of domination by numerical inferiority. In the House, Northern liberal Democrats won forty-four new seats in the last election. With 207 certain votes, they need only eleven for an absolute majority, and can pick these up easily from among

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such liberal Southerners as Weltner of Georgia, Pepper of Florida, Gonzalez of Texas and Trimble of Arkansas, and from such liberal Republicans as Halpern of New York, Morse of Massachusetts and Fulton of Pennsylvania. Sure success being seductive, many marginal votes now inflate the liberal totals and convey an impression that the conservatives are weaker than they really are.

If they had chosen to take maximum advantage of this majority, the Democratic leadership this year could have made genuine institutional changes, the kinds that would have broken the power of the conservatives entrenched in the machinery of both bodies. The reformers, led in the House by Richard Bolling of Missouri, prepared a tough set of proposals they wanted to enact in the opening days of Congress. Among them were plans to discard the seniority system and to simplify procedures for getting controversial measures to the floor. Bolling pleaded that never again would conditions be so favorable to reforming the rules. But the chief projectionist of the old silent film, Speaker John McCormack, would have none of it. To be sure, he consented to two significant changes: a twenty-one-day limit on the Rules Committee's power to delay a measure, and a simplification of procedure to avoid blockage of a bill en route to a House-Senate conference. But McCormack, like Rayburn before him, is dedicated to running the House like a gentlemen's club and will not support harsh new procedures. The changes he accepted are useful, but they leave intact most of the obstacles that have historically blocked lawmaking in the House. As for the Senate, it scarcely went through the motions of a fight to liberalize Rule XXII, which authorizes the paralysis of Senate business in a filibuster. Democratic Senators expressed their reformist sentiments by electing Louisiana's Russell Long as Majority Whip, thereby letting it be known that a career of obstructionism may very well be rewarded.

Both houses this spring approved the establishment of a joint committee to study the reform of Congressional organization and operation. But the resolution, introduced by Sen. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, contained a stipulation

that the joint committee steer clear of "rules, parliamentary procedure, practices and/or precedents" and "consideration of any matter on the floor" of either the Senate or the House. Sen. Joseph Clark, a reformist gadfly, and Hugh Scott, his Republican colleague from Pennsylvania, joined forces to argue that the very areas precluded from study "constitute the strong and endless red tape which bind the Congress and prevent action when action is needed. There is not much else worth investigating." Monroney, with a reputation for reform, gained twenty years ago by his successful efforts on behalf of greater Congressional efficiency, warned that any reforms had to be limited or there would be no reforms at all. The Senate took his warning and rejected by a vote of 58 to 29 Clark's proposal to lift the stipulation. Monroney was then made the Senate's chief delegate and chairman of the joint committee. For the House, McCormack appointed a lackluster delegation. There will quite probably be reforms but they are certain to be insipid.

Still, geologists inform us that the continents themselves are shifting, and it would be unwise to deny evolution even to such an inert body as Congress. Despite the leadership in both houses, changes now detectable may some day make Congress into a modern political institution.

The National Committee for an Effective Congress, a studious and useful nonpartisan lobby, gives much credit for the triumphs of the current Congress to the growing skills of the Democratic Study Group. The DSG was formed about seven years ago by a band of liberal Democrats eager to establish a power source separate from Speaker Rayburn. Intended as a liberal pressure body, it masqueraded as a "Study Group" to dilute the hostility of both Rayburn and McCormack, with whom it frequently cooperated, but who did their best to make membership in it seem somewhat disreputable. Only in the past year or so has the DSG itself become an establishment, and its principal leaders—Bolling, Holifield of California, Blatnik of Minnesota, Thompson of New Jersey—elder statesmen of Congressional liberalism. In seven years, the DSG has learned much about influencing Democratic policy without complete-

ly alienating the official Democratic leadership, and it was natural that the horde of young Northern Democrats elected in 1964 should look for guidance to the Study Group, rather than to McCormack and his crowd. The DSG led the successful fight to deprive Representatives John Bell Williams of Mississippi and Albert Watson of South Carolina of their seniority in reprisal for their having supported Goldwater. Ironically, the DSG leaders, who not long ago represented radicalism in the House, have had difficulty containing their new and more adventurous followers. A runaway bloc, not the DSG, tried and failed—though by surprisingly little—to stop the seating of the Mississippi Congressional delegation [see "The Mississippi Challenge" by George Slaff, *The Nation*, May 17]. Nonetheless, the DSG has for the first time given Democratic liberals in the House real leadership. It needs troops if it is to win battles, but the chances are bright that in the coming years whatever troops are available will be competently and energetically led.

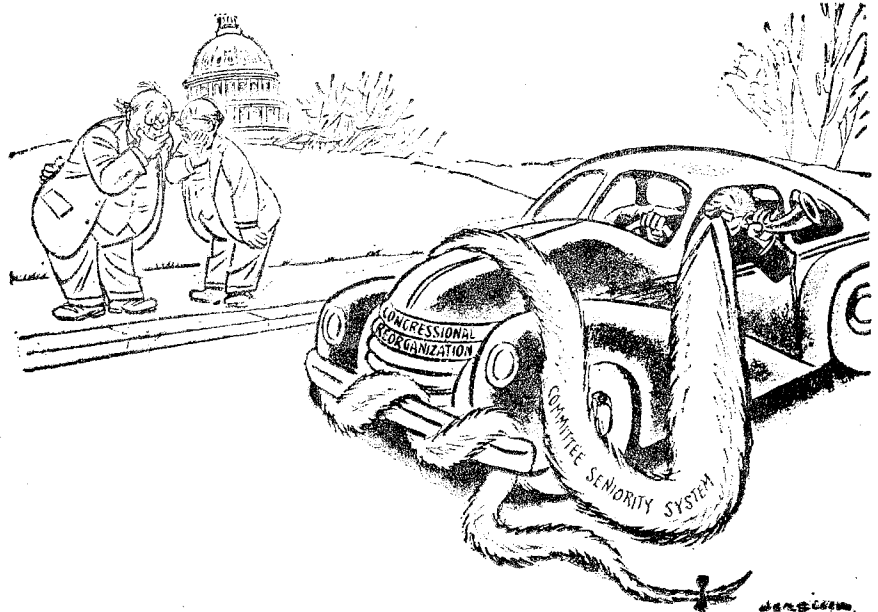
Congress is also changing because, in the natural order of things, McCormack's generation—in both House and Senate—is reaching the end of its reign. Rayburn's departure in 1961 was a milestone in this process. Last year, stubborn Clarence Cannon of Missouri died at the age of 85, liberating the House Appropriations Committee from decades of tight-fisted tyranny. In a primary fight last fall, "Boss" Charles Buckley of the Bronx went down to defeat, thereby vacating his chairmanship of the Committee on Public Works. When Sen. Olin Johnston of South Carolina died last month, the chairmanship of one committee and the second-ranking position on two others became available. The intelligent and dedicated younger men who are moving up to replace these ancients reject Rayburn's hoary motto: "To get along, go along."

At its best, the seniority system remains a haphazard mechanism for translating into action the will of the majority. But at least in the Senate, the seniority lists suggest that in the next few years many of the major committees will fall from the hands of antediluvians to a new generation of Northern liberal politician. In the House, where the

South is more deeply entrenched, the pressure from Northern militants to modify the seniority system will increase as McCormack's generation departs. This may be no more than progress by actuarial necessity, but it will still be progress.

Almost certainly, the bitterness generated by the civil rights battles of recent years will have an enduring effect on Congress. It has isolated the Southerners both from the Democrats of the North and from the Republicans with whom they long made common cause. Before the pressure for civil rights became intense, Southern power within the committee system was an unsurpassed bargaining instrument. By swapping their votes, the Republicans helped preserve the moribund social system that interested the South—the Southerners the obsolescent economic system that interested the GOP. Now there are not only fewer conservative Republicans than ever before but among those remaining a substantial number have become supporters of civil rights. It is reasonable to hope that the entire character of the Southern delegation to Congress may change if the objectives of the civil rights struggle are achieved. But meanwhile, if Republicans feel free to vote for civil rights, many Southerners are ready to abandon economic conservatism. And obituaries may be premature, since reaction could set in at any time.

Lyndon Johnson, as President, is an important new influence on Congress, but it is difficult to assess the permanence of his impact. Perhaps there will be none. Johnson, after all, served his apprenticeship in Congressional leadership under Rayburn, who depended on personal influence to achieve his ends and shunned institutional changes. Johnson has shown no interest, either on Capitol Hill or in the White House, in Congressional reform. A President of his persuasiveness can impose important alterations on the structure of Congress just by maintaining the pressure for eight years. Still, the frenzy with which he is going at his legislative program suggests that he is determined to get all he can while the getting is good. More than one report from the White House indicates that he has no great confidence in the legislative energy of future Congresses.



Herblock, The Washington Post

"Now If We Could Only Streamline Grandpa"

Perhaps Johnson's most important contribution will be the reorganization he has imposed on the Democratic National Committee. For the first time in its history, the committee has become a full-time organization. The old practice of maintaining a skeleton staff at Democratic headquarters to answer mail between elections appears to be over. The National Committee last year committed itself to what it calls "the concept of the continuous campaign." It has some eighty permanent employees, more than a third of them assigned to getting Democratic Congressmen reelected in 1966. Another task is to assist the seventy-one freshman Democrats—forty-four of whom replaced Republicans—with their political chores.

That the Republicans have undertaken a similar, though less ambitious, program is evidence of the importance both parties attach to the 1966 contest. With control of the Senate certain to remain Democratic, emphasis is on the House. The Democrats see at least forty of their seats as shaky, and the loss of half of them would tip the balance. The normal processes of American elections favor the Republicans in the off year. Johnson takes the approach, realistic if perhaps shortsighted, that the balance of power far more than any structural changes will determine the course of legislation in the second half of his term of office.

"I hate to use that tiresome word,"

said a liberal Democrat who has been around the House for several years, "but the reason we're legislating now is not because anything is basically different but because for the first time we have a 'consensus.'"

"In 1964, we won a clear mandate to enact Johnson's liberal program. That wasn't the case under Kennedy in 1960 or 1962. We have the votes on the floor and in the committees. The opposition doesn't even bother to put up a real fight on most issues. They know that for now they're beaten. But let's not kid ourselves. They don't think they're beaten for good and neither do I. They'll come back to fight another day and give us as much trouble as they used to. That's why we can't afford to waste any time with what we have to do."

Congress has demonstrated this year that it can legislate very effectively as long as its liberal majority is unchallengeable. But the test of an effective legislature is not that it can govern when its majority is overwhelming—even the French parliament looks effective with its Gaullist preponderance. By contrast, Prime Minister Wilson in Britain is enacting a controversial legislative program with a majority of four votes in the House of Commons. Since 1958, the Congress of the United States has had—for most pieces of legislation that came to a vote—a small but demonstrable liberal margin. But the built-in obstacles to the enactment of laws were

so great that almost no legislation of consequence was passed. Medicare, for instance, would almost certainly have been approved by the House any time after 1960, but a single committee with a chairman hostile to the measure kept it from a floor vote. The committee's membership was so substantially changed as a result of the 1964 election that its chairman could delay action no longer, and medicare was approved. It was possible, however, only because a small margin that had long been in favor of the bill was transformed overnight into a majority so great that it could ride roughshod over the roadblocks.

It might well be argued that im-

portant legislation should not be passed without a clear voice of approval from the nation. The founding fathers, the argument goes, intended it that way. Conservatives point out that the Executive branch possesses the freedom to carry out its responsibilities and, aside from appropriations, can function quite independently of Congress. New legislation, they maintain, is hardly ever necessary to the functioning of the country and should not be enacted unless the demand is persistent and transcendent.

This argument will seem particularly persuasive to those who regard change as inherently dangerous, and majority rule as inherently un-

reliable. But even allowing for differences in judgment, there is something to be said for a legislature that can respond to the pleas for redress in civil rights, the inhuman conditions in dying cities, the risks in a decaying educational system, the ailment of extended unemployment. It ought not to require an overwhelming majority to make such response. It should take a simple majority, unimpeded by the obstacles that conservatives have built into the Congressional system over the years. There—and not in the huge majority handed to Lyndon Johnson by Barry Goldwater—lies the test of the youthful elasticity of the United States Congress.

Paul Y. Anderson

'The Nation's' Angry Man Lillian Elkin

In 1923, when Paul Y. Anderson went to Washington, Daniel Fitzpatrick, the celebrated cartoonist of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, drew a cartoon under which appeared the caption, "From Washington — by God." Anderson was pictured as dressed in spats, checked vest and a jaunty homburg, and carrying a cane. But this was only one side of a highly complex man who at 30 was already known for his fearless reporting of government corruption and the infamous race riots of East St. Louis, then considered the most vice-ridden town in the United States.

Paul Anderson had come to St. Louis in 1914 after four years as a novice reporter on the *Journal* in his native city of Knoxville, Tenn. He was barely 21 when he joined the crusading, liberal *Post-Dispatch*, then under the legendary managing editor, Oliver K. Bovard. It was a fortunate combination of newspaper and editor that was to give Anderson the crucial years in which to develop a unique method of reporting not only "the facts available to all but the truth behind those facts." It was said by many that he used his typewriter like a machine gun.

Lillian Elkin has been given access to the letters, papers and scrapbooks of Paul Y. Anderson in preparation for a book on his life and times. Miss Elkin teaches English literature at Long Island University.

Behind the casual, breezy style were information gathered carefully, a keen sense of humor, vivid detail, mordant satire, and always an abiding distaste for dishonesty, ignorance and cruelty. After he had come to *The Nation*, Oswald Garrison Villard, his editor, said: "To me his articles in *The Nation* sounded always as if hammered out in white heat. I used to imagine him walking up and down his office bursting with rage and dictating what he had to say to a secretary because he could not possibly type fast enough to record the flood of his feelings as it poured over the dam. I was wrong. Those breezy smashing articles were typed by him in the early hours, usually between 1 and 4 in the morning. He labored over them and chose his words with great exactness, but when the job was finished they seemed the product of an unstudied spontaneity."

Anderson's early assignments in East St. Louis resulted in a series of articles exposing gambling, vice and corruption. He was barred from city hall, the police department and the offices of city officials. A bounty of \$700 was put on his head by white supremacist groups and he had a fist fight with the mayor. The situation grew more grim in July, 1917, when race riots broke out. During the beleaguered days of the rioting, forty-two persons were killed and hundreds injured. Ander-

son worked day and night uncovering the involvement of police officials with the rioters. He saw about eighteen persons killed before his eyes. He had to hide in a hotel room where he wrote the series of articles that helped convict twenty of the instigators.

Paul Anderson received a Congressional commendation for courage in reporting the incident, which he called not a riot but a massacre: "He saw everything and reported it — defied the indignant officials whom he convicted of criminal neglect of duty, ran daily risk of assassination, and rendered an invaluable public service." The anger and righteousness with which he wrote his first great series of stories were later to be seen in his dispatches to *The Nation* on the labor struggles of the thirties and his unforgettable crusade against the emergence on the national scene of the Dies committee.

A year after his arrival in Washington, Anderson began contributing to *The Nation*. For fourteen years, with some interruptions, his reports on Washington affairs were published and widely quoted. These bold, painstakingly forthright bi-monthly articles won him a national audience. Anderson continued to be a member of the Washington staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* but was now known also as Anderson of *The Nation*.

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His association with *The Nation*, besides providing a national forum for his views, introduced him to important and influential men of the times. In a letter to Bovard, discussing a question that had arisen about his working for both journals, Anderson wrote:

I am quite certain that my connection with The Nation has been a distinct asset to the Post-Dispatch. I know that it has tended to give the paper a good name among a large number of people who seldom or never see the Post-Dispatch—and, consequently, are unacquainted with its character—but who do see The Nation. This number includes some Senators and Representatives in Congress. On a number of occasions it has enabled me to obtain valuable information for the Post-Dispatch which I might not otherwise have got, and it has led to a number of acquaintances which have developed fruitfully for the Post-Dispatch. It has led, for example, to my acquaintance with Samuel Untermyer and Donald Richberg through which I subsequently was able to obtain substantial contributions from them on the St. Louis transit problem. It has stood me in good stead with Senators Wheeler, La Follette, Borah, Blaine and Nye. It was directly and originally responsible for my being invited to the home of Mr. Justice Brandeis, and hence for the initiation of an inspiring friendship. . . .

The first *Nation* dispatches, in 1924, were mainly concerned with an inquiry into the plundering of natural resources by the oil interests. Beginning as an apparently inconspicuous Senate investigation, the inquiry eventually exploded into the international Teapot Dome scandal. Encouraged by Bovard, Anderson was for days the only reporter attending the hearings. In due course, the Senate Committee on Public Lands concluded its investigation of the leasing of the naval oil reserves.

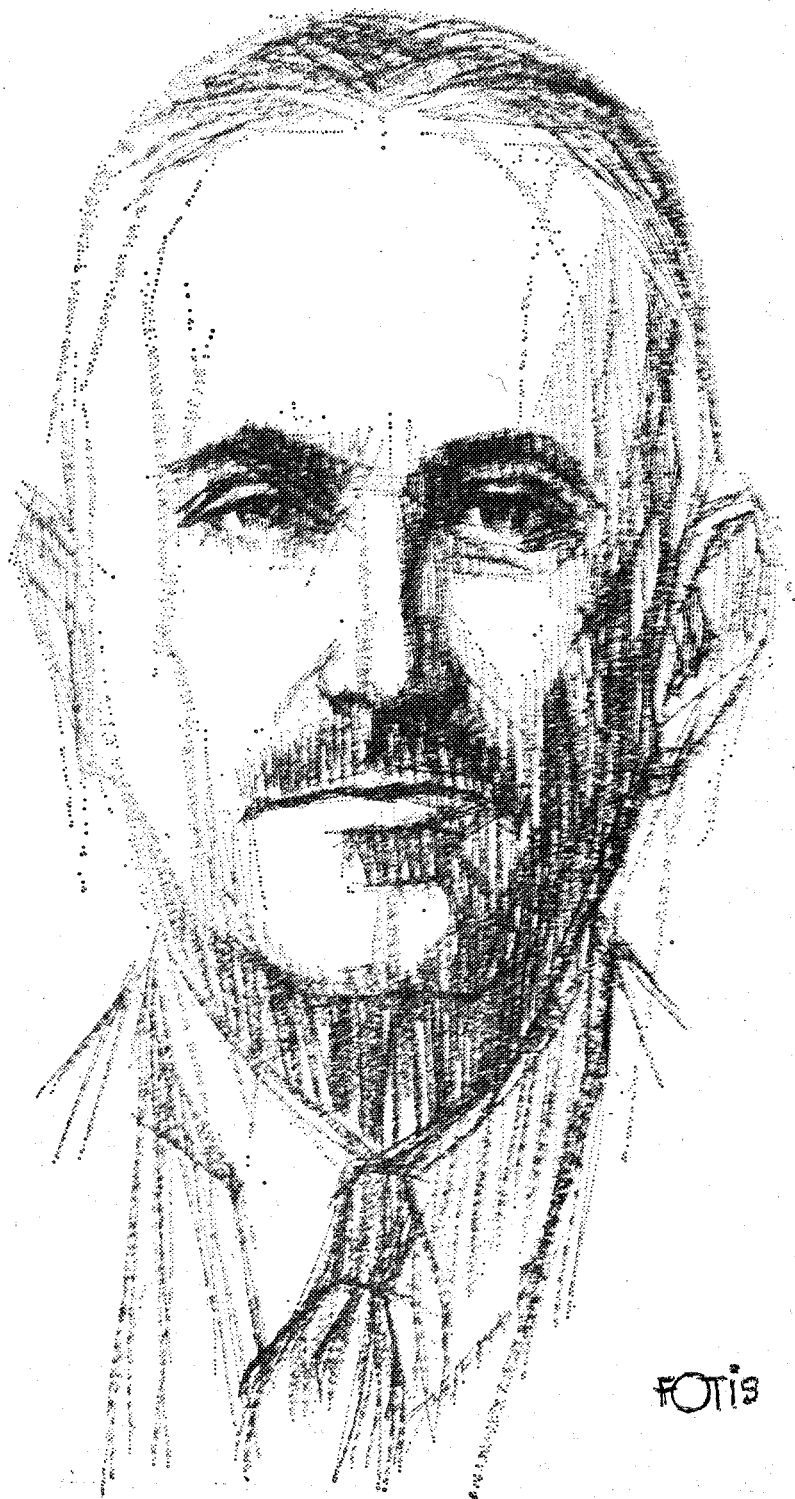
Later, the existence and operations of the Continental Trading Co. were discovered. More than \$3 million had been secretly accumulated and invested in Liberty bonds; \$230,000 was in the possession of Albert Fall, but what had happened to \$2,770,000? Anderson's investigation led him to the Attorney General, to Senator Walsh, who had conducted the previous inquiry, to the Department of Justice, to Senator George Norris and, finally, to the reopening of the inves-

tigation. Anderson received the Pulitzer Prize in 1929 for his report in the *Post-Dispatch*, called "Who Got the Bonds?"

In *The Nation* of November 24, 1926, he attacked the oil interests in a sardonic piece called "The Sacred Ointment." He was angered by the "depletion clause" of the tax bill that exempted oil companies from payments on huge portions of oil profits.

The oil game is a pretty tough

game. Drill is expensive, dry holes are numerous, and when oil is found it flows but a little while. Everyone knows what a hard time poor old Mr. Rockefeller has to get along. Doheny could spare only \$100,000 for his ancient bunkie, Al Fall. Harry Sinclair has only one zen to his name. Certainly the oil business is remarkable for its dreadful hardships and its meagre profits. But let the oil men take heart; let them face the future with reviving spirits and renewed hope, a generous congress has recognized their extrem-



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ity, and provision is made for them in the new Tax bill.

That is the gist of the explanations now being made for one of the most astonishing subsidies ever granted by a prodigal government to a favored industry. The plain and unpalatable fact is that the bill exempts substantially half the net incomes of oil and mining companies from federal taxation.

The practical consequences of the action in which the House has now concurred, were briefly and harshly foretold by Senator Couzens—"In other words having already given them half the earth, we have now decided they shall pay taxes on only a fourth of it."

On January 5, 1927, *The Nation* published "Twelve Good Men and True," Anderson's scathing review of the system that had produced the jury which exonerated Fall and Doheny. Ten members of the jury had been for acquittal and two for conviction. Anderson, reviewing the jury, discussed the fact that nearly all the men had declared that they had either never heard of the scandals or had paid very little attention to them. "Consider, then, the nature of the questions they were required to answer. They were asked to decide whether a President of the United States had been imposed upon by one of his Cabinet; whether another Cabinet officer had been incredibly fatuous and gullible; whether the exchange of royalty oil for construction work was an improper invasion of the legislative field by the executive branch; whether a rear admiral had misled his chief in order to effect a pet scheme of defense in the Pacific; whether \$100,000 sent in cash by a multimillionaire to a Cabinet officer was a bribe or a loan. . . ." He concluded his article with: "In other words, the availability of a citizen for jury duty was in direct ratio to his lack of information, in a case where possession of that information was a condition of intelligent citizenship. Nobody will contend that a man shall be permitted to sit on a case where he has formed and expressed pronounced opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, but there seems no excuse for enforcing the rule to the extent where mental paralysis becomes the goal of achievement in selecting a jury."

With the coming of the thirties, Anderson's *Nation* articles were even more widely read, for the

problems of unemployment, civil liberties and war drew to him a discerning and searching audience. In that intense area of partisanship and political commitment, he remained what some writers called "the last of the muckrakers," "Steffens' child." He was well read and his heroes were Thomas Paine and Voltaire. He was proud of his set of Mark Twain and it is easy to see the journalistic kinship of the two men. Both were agonizingly aware of the corruption of their times and neither could compromise with human suffering. From his literary heroes Anderson learned well the value of the striking phrase, the memorable adjective. *Nation* readers may recall his articles on the food and drug amendments in which he described an eyelash cosmetic which had resulted in a girl's losing her eyesight. A Senator defended the preparation by saying that only a few were allergic to it. Anderson wrote: "I doubt the Senator's words would be much comfort to the young woman—even if she could read them."

At this period, during an illness, Anderson had the time to question himself and to sum up his leading principles. He wrote of "a more equitable distribution of wealth, wider dissemination of knowledge, better distribution of leisure, more adequate control of disease and a universal opportunity for the acquisition of culture and the development of the arts and sciences." He admired many diverse types, among whom he mentioned George Bernard Shaw, Senator La Follette, Senator George Norris, H. L. Mencken, Norman Thomas, Clarence Darrow, Jane Addams, Heywood Broun and Sinclair Lewis. He remained always the insurgent populist distrusting the faceless monopolies, disdaining the red tape of government bureaucracy, and what he called "supple scruples and agile consciences."

One of his most memorable articles was written in 1932 when Herbert Hoover called out four troops of cavalry, twenty-four companies of infantry, a mounted machine-gun squadron, six whippet tanks and 300 city policemen to face the hungry bonus marchers. In an article called "Tear-Gas, Bayonets, and Votes," he described graphically the shooting, gassing of men, women and children. "The President has

asserted that less than half of the campers were men who had actually served under the flag, and Hurley assures us that the disorders were led by 'reds' and 'agitators.' How unfortunate, then, that those killed were bona fide veterans of the world war, entitled to honorable burial in Arlington. But how much more tragic it is that, in a crisis, the United States Government should be under the control of such a trio of adventurers as Hoover, Hurley and Mills."

The brilliance with which Anderson told of the senseless murder of the bonus marchers was repeated a few years later in his account of the Chicago Memorial Day massacre during the steel strike of 1937. He was the son of a quarry worker who had been a member of the Knights of Labor. He never forgot the poverty of his early years, and although by this time he was one of the best paid reporters in America, he understood the man and woman on the picket line. In "Rebellion on the Right" in August of that year, he warned his readers: "The object of this dispatch is to parade recent incidents of the rebellion in a connected sequence, and thereby attempt to explain why the commission of mass murder in certain localities of the United States has become bolder, safer and more systematically organized during the last two months than at any other period since Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, the Genn brothers, and Bugs Moran." In "Fascism American Style" he stated: "It was a sinister coincidence that the headlines from Barcelona and Berlin blanketed the disclosures before Senator La Follette's Civil Liberties Committee. Between events there and what was shown to have happened here existed an ominous affinity."

During this time he described the vigilante mind as it operated against the urban worker trying to organize, but he also portrayed the plight of the migratory worker in "California's Blackshirts" (August 6, 1938): "My attention has been called to a shocking condition in the San Joaquin Valley of California where more than 150,000 migratory farm workers and fruit pickers are held in a state of virtual peonage seven months of the year, housed in shacks which hogs would disdain to occupy, paid incredibly low wages, robbed at company stores

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and cheated and exploited in just about every way that a combination of greed and ingenuity can devise." The article goes on to relate the attempts to organize, in the midst of vigilantism, company police and farm owners alliances.

In the last months of his life, Anderson was engaged in describing the emergence of Martin Dies and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. His articles in *The Nation* were in the main devoted to an analysis of this new phenomenon in American life. He watched with growing despair and frustration the success of the smear campaign and the obscuring of the findings of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee by the irresponsible and flamboyant tactics of Martin Dies. "Investigate Mr. Dies," he wrote only a few weeks before his tragic death. He commented bitterly: "From the beginning the committee's performances have been a

travesty on orderly procedures. Hundreds of thousands of words of 'testimony' and 'documentary evidence' have been pumped into the record without the slightest pretense of ascertaining whether it was true or false, whether the witnesses were credible, or whether they were actuated by ulterior motives—as many of them so palpably were." He demanded that Dies's funds be investigated, since the original appropriations were exhausted and still the witnesses were being brought from Michigan, Minnesota and California.

At this time Anderson made the famous radio broadcast which Martin Dies tried in vain to stop. In a last letter to his mother, postmarked November 16, 1938, he said: "I got hundreds of letters from all over the United States. Not all of the writers called me a Communist, or a White House tool, or a mercenary of the Democratic Committee, although one did ask, 'Why don't you go back to Sweden?'" This last must

have appeared especially ironical to Anderson, a descendant of soldiers who fought in the battles of the American Revolution.

A few days after his death, Freda Kirchwey wrote, "His work in *The Nation* gave him a chance for analysis and opinion and a warm responsive public. These meant much to him. . . . More than ever the country needs journalists who stand for an open, free expression that defies every hint of control. Paul Anderson—breezy, pugnacious, penetrating, irreverent—was the epitome of the spirit in American journalism that must against all hazards be preserved." At the funeral, Senator George Norris said the words that are now the epitaph on Paul Y. Anderson's tombstone: "The pen he wielded for so many years in behalf of humanity, in behalf of justice, was more mighty than the sword of the most illustrious warrior who ever fought upon the field of battle."

Jungle Law in the Farm Belt Dale Kramer

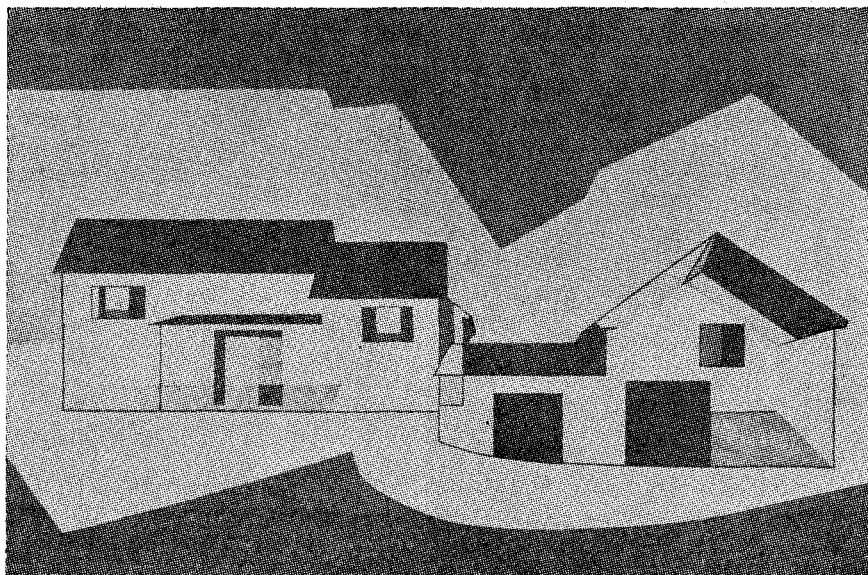
Sigourney, Ia.

The implacable enemy of the American farmer is his neighbor, since each to survive must have an ever larger part of the jungle. The metaphor may violate the old bucolic concept but it all comes down to survival of the best-fanged. The exodus of 18 million farm people in twenty-five years is surely a wonder of history, and other millions are being forced toward new environments for which they are ill suited. Yet the nation—and especially Congress—is bored stiff with the whole thing.

Reasons for the apathy are simple enough. Families leave the neighborhoods without fanfare (foreclosures are rare) and are quickly swallowed up in nearby towns or distant cities. The general public, aware of the billions poured into farm subsidies and disgruntled by the high price of foods cannot envision a suffering agriculture. The nostalgic farm leaders who cry

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Charles Sheeler

out that the family-size farm must be saved, and who raise the specter of factory-farms, sound like clock-turners-back and as though more concerned with playing on the emotions of their members in order to gather the dues than in helping them face the realities of modern life.

Nevertheless, the basic facts are neither boring nor trivial. In 1940,

the farm population stood at 30.5 million. Now it is about 12 million and declining at the rate of 5 per cent a year. There are between 3 and 3.25 million farms, of which roughly a million account for more than half of the production—and nearly all of it that is profitable. New or improved machines and fertilizers and seeds have been raising productive capacity per man by

8 per cent a year (more than double that of other large industries) which in many branches of agriculture has meant a fourfold gain since World II.

The rapid mechanization was bound to make something give and naturally it was old-fashioned manpower. Yet it must be noted that simple subtraction of present farm census figures from those of some earlier date gives an exaggerated picture of a sufficiently perplexing situation. Some of the exodus was to the grave.

To get down to cases I shall use a region of southeastern Iowa. It is a corn-hog-beef-soybean country, mostly, with lesser outputs of hay and oats and wheat and poultry and sheep and dairy products. Since the factory-farm specter is about the only image to take shape in urban minds, it seems worth while to dwell for a moment on how typical farm people live today.

The scientific revolution hasn't very much changed the farmer or his wife or even his children. With the advent of the Roosevelt era's rural electrification, the dim and smoky barn lantern and the house flue lamp were put away, and the comforting but labor-demanding coal range gave way to the quick electric stove, and with it the refrigerator and deep-freeze. For many years some farmers kept a team of horses around, finding occasional uses for them, but really as a tie with the past. That phase has ended. Now it is the pick-up truck and the many-purpose tractor. No one hand-husks corn or shocks grain (the threshing dinner is long gone) or pitches hay. The new barns are smaller because of the compact bales of hay (for cattle only), and the windmill has been overthrown by the power pump.

But the farmer, although he gets to town oftener and the memorabilia "Saturday night" is dead, has merely shifted his interests from horseflesh and corn-shucking prowess to machines and how much each new attachment adds to production. Far from observing factorylike hours, he will drive 100 miles to look at a new or improved piece of machinery, or spend half a day at a quitting-farming sale, musing on the fast depreciation of the items on the block. Just as often he sits for hours in a livestock auction pavilion (a fairly re-

cent innovation itself) without the slightest intention of buying. However, in the planting and growing and harvesting seasons he is extremely busy — if possessed of enough land, which is the rub.

The greater ease with which the womenfolk get their work done and get to town has not made them — or their husbands — a part of the town life. As a group, farmers distrust townspeople as much as ever, and the townspeople, in spite of or because of kowtowing by merchants, are not more fond of the farmers. The thinning of the population and elimination of most country schools and many churches has cut down formal neighborhood social life. But the automobiles and good roads have made shopping trips and visiting back and forth for coffee easier for the women. The men are content with the jaunts to look over livestock and machinery or, some of them, with stops at the tavern. And there is always television. The consolidated new schools are mostly in open fields, and the town and farm students are closer than they formerly were. Yet the need to board buses after school keeps up a certain estrangement, which is unfortunate since the rural children will not, in spite of government-financed school projects and whatever their own desires, be farmers.

As for factory-farms, they exist mostly in the produce vegetable and fruit regions and feature stories. A newspaper or magazine writes up an automated egg-laying or animal-feeding operation and forgets to notice when it goes broke — as when recently an egg-laying scheme in Madrid, Ia., blew up, to the great joy of farm wives who were getting a poor price for their eggs. The "corporate farm," another scary term, usually turns out to be a rich man hedging in land — and taking some losses for income-tax purposes—but renting to operators much as the town merchant-professional class and other small landlords do. For one thing, the full-time hired man is fast disappearing. The good ones would rather earn factory wages, and the average farmer who loses out does not intend, whatever else he might do, to become a field hand.

The Iowa region of my example consists of ten counties—Marion, Mahaska, Keokuk, Lucas, Monroe, Wapello, Wayne, Appanoose, Davis,

Van Buren — called Tenco in the shorthand of the economists. From 1950 to 1960, the rural population dropped 21 per cent; projected figures indicate an additional decline of at least 7.8 per cent by 1970. In the same years the number of farms decreased 11 per cent; and the size of the remaining farms increased 10 per cent.

Average Tenco family income rose by 74 per cent in the decade 1950-60. This came about, it seems fair to assume, because many of the farmers who stayed on the land made strong gains, while the total losers in the jungle conflict were written out of the last findings.

Tenco has sufficient farmland to give full family employment to only *one-third* of those families now living on it, if the number of tillable acres suggested as a minimum by a thousand Iowa farmers is accurate. Thus an almost incredible two-thirds of the remaining Tenco farm units will have to be eliminated. The source of this information had better be pinned down: it was obtained through a questionnaire distributed by the Iowa State University of Science and Technology, Cooperative Extension Service: in effect, the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

In addition to the exodus to the grave, there is some nonviolent relief from those who migrate sitting still—that is, farmers who stay in the same home but rent out their land. Thus it is a complicated struggle in which warriors die peaceably in bed and others are unmolested and even fed a little if they agree not to hunt in the jungle.

Consider, first, the exodus to the grave. Sometimes an heir works the farm left vacant, but in many cases it is too small for modern purposes, or else there are several heirs who prefer to sell it for cash rather than share in the income. So the land goes on the market, and the neighbor with the longest fangs (longest purse or credit) buys it. He may, of course, be an absent landlord but he is still a neighbor. The only one eliminated is the neighbor-who-might-have-been, but a farm unit and the dead ex-owner drop from the statistics.

The man who stays on the home place but rents out his acres may have retired and be drawing social security. There isn't much point

in moving to town, where he would have to lay out good money for a house with equal comforts; so the land is rented to a neighbor who already has a home. Younger men with too little acreage sometimes rent all or part of it and commute to factory jobs, hoping somehow to get enough cash to buy more land or the machinery necessary to become a big renter. Others carry a double burden of an off-the-farm job and a small-to-medium operation.

There is constant attrition, of course, among the under-acred, under-financed men who see no hope of making through. Because of ever-rising land prices they can sell out and probably emerge clear of debt or better, and so they have a quitting-farming sale and depart more or less silently. Another vulnerable man is the one who rents a farm that has become too small, or who simply is not as capable as neighbor renters and owner-operators. Those in the first category, if no nearby land is available, try to find a larger farm. Failing that, they become discouraged, sell off their equipment, and seek other occupations. The landlord rents the farm to a neighbor or parcels it among several. The not so capable renter is in special danger because his landlord naturally compares his production with that of his neighbors, some of whom are bound to want to add the whole or a part of the operation to their own.

From all this it will be noticed that the modern winner puts together his farm from various pieces, often separated by a mile or two. He may own it all, rent a part or rent it all. Even a man who has been lucky enough to inherit one farm and marry another must be a planner, a risk-taker, a tireless worker to survive. Many large hog-raising and beef cattle feeding and dairy operations are on fairly small plots of land. But the same factors — expensive equipment, shrewd judgment, etc. — are as essential to the struggle.

In Tenco there is not enough work in modern farming for the on-the-spot manpower. The two-thirds predicted as the number who still must go is a bit less than the figure which President Johnson suggested for the entire nation in his budget message when he de-

clared that "farming alone cannot be expected to provide a decent living in the future for more than about 1 million farm families. . . ."

What do the farm leaders advocate in perhaps the most drastic change ever to affect one industry or even a people?

The conservative American Farm Bureau Federation, which probably has the largest membership and certainly advertises itself as "the spokesman for agriculture," thinks that a return to an economy of supply and demand (for farmers but evidently nobody else) will bring about the needed miracle. Reliable studies have indicated that an end of the farm subsidy program, which keeps down surpluses, would eventually cut farm income by half. But even if Charles Shuman, the Farm Bureau's grand poo-bah, could accomplish that return to the past, it is hard to understand how he expects to smash the modern machines which have driven out scores of thousands of his members and will drive out other scores. Thirty years ago his organization was the voice of the bigger farmers, but now it is a senile whisper, little respected in Washington, and hanging on in the farmlands largely by means of nostalgic local ties.

The progressive National Farmers Union backs farm supports, but wants them rearranged so that the bigger farmers receive a lesser share and the smaller farmers more. In addition it wants all subsidies increased. James Patton, its leader for the last quarter of a century, declares that with these measures the tide will turn and—with some anti-poverty measures—actually repopulate the farmlands. He has spoken, too, of a guaranteed annual wage for farmers. Unhappily, if you make the subsidy not worth the big farmer's while, surpluses will skyrocket, disrupting prices and leaving the better-fanged in a position to take over faster and more cheaply. As for the annual wage—would the government set a good annual wage for a man on 60 poor acres which keep him busy one-fifth of his time? And if it should be established according to amount of production, how would that help the little man? The position of farm families caught in the terrible modern struggle is indeed sad, and it is hard for a farm leader not to offer palliatives—and harder

to announce to his members the bitter truth that a very large number of them must give up their way of life.

A decade ago, a third group, the National Farm Organization, rose a few countries west of Tenco and ran like one of the old agrarian tides over the Midwest. Loosely organized, with dues \$1 a head, it stressed the fact that not all was well down on the farm, and prodded Congress to some action on the then falling prices. But the exodus was not halted. The United Auto Workers had been lending aid, and the NFO president, Oren Staley, a young Missourian, conceived the notion of reorganizing on a slogan of "collective bargaining" with packers, millers, dairy makers, and other processors to guarantee a farmer profits. The notion took hold, dues were raised to \$25 a year—the highest of the general farm organizations — and the NFO strikes or "withholding actions" received wide attention but resulted in no working contracts.

Staley has never shown that he grasps the mechanisms of farm economics. The packer, for example, traditionally buys *every* healthy meat animal brought to him, but guarantees no price. And while consumers may be forced to pay higher prices for meat, there is no way of making them buy *all* the meat the farmers want to raise. Thus the NFO, if it won any contracts, would be in the unenviable position of having to set quotas. If its members or "the little fellows" were favored, the task of suppressing a black market would be enormous. On the other hand, some form of "collective bargaining" may develop, as it has among the giant producers' associations in the Far West. But it is unlikely that many little farmers will be around to participate.

No easy solution—nor any hard one—has been suggested to stop the exodus. But at least the farm spokesmen ought to quit their lamentations over the past, come bravely into the modern world, and endeavor to get benefits of the Great Society for those who are losing the neighborhood jungle warfare. It is charged that the farm regions are largely ignored in the anti-poverty program. What can these leaders expect if they insist on talking as though agriculture had not changed in forty years and higher prices would fix everything?

Joyce and Eliot: A Tale of Shem & Shaun

Nathan Halper

Though he wrote no formal essays dealing with his contemporaries, Joyce discussed them in *Finnegans Wake*, and his book's peculiar method has enabled him to say what he might not otherwise have said. *Finnegans Wake* is an account of a Dublin pub-owner's dream. Sunday is about to start. The sun is about to rise. Winter, too, is at an end. The sun is about to move into the equinoctial Ram. The young day will be larger than the old and tired night. The dreamer—Humphrey Earwicker—feels that, in his life, a similar change is imminent. He fears that he is losing his own vigor, his authority. He is due to be supplanted by his son. His rising son.

On each level of his dream, he must face a threat: a change. In terms of Vico's system, it is time for a new cycle. Since the first men were barbarians, the cycle will begin with a new barbarism.

It is after World War I. The father image, England, is about to lose his place to the United States. New England. Capitalism is being threatened by the Russian who, incidentally, has just murdered his own father. In 1922—when Joyce began to work on the plan of his book—still another son was rising. In Dublin, scene of the *Wake*, English rule was giving way to the coming Irish state.

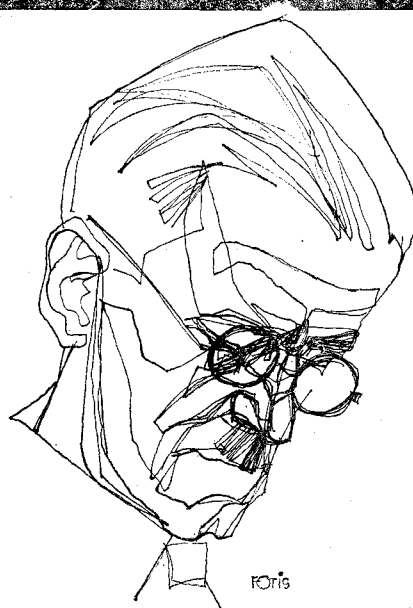
In the world of books, 1922 had a similar significance: it was the year of *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*.

There were cries of horror. Joyce and T. S. Eliot were like Vico's giants—destructive, without discipline, without reverence or morals. Also, like Vico's inarticulate giants, they were not able to communicate. On this level, Earwicker is the generation of writers who already are recognized. Like England, they are threatened by young upstarts—by the American, Eliot, and by Joyce, an Irishman.

Earwicker has two sons, through whom he projects his feelings about his future. I have emphasized his fear, yet there also is a promise in the sunrise, in the spring. Twins are

an effective image of the conflicting feelings. His hopes lie in Shaun; Shem is his fear.

In these boys, he also sees his past. He was Shaun and Shaun was praised. He was Shem, who was blamed. Shaun is that touched-up figure which the father likes to think used to be his younger self. (The Boy Most Likely to Succeed.) Shem fouled



James Joyce

this brightness; he brought in the stains of guilt, of weakness and defeat.

In the present, Shaun is the version of Earwicker which he tries to show both to others and himself. Shem is what he tries to hide. He is those things that disturb the father's sense of security—Rebellion, Change, Emotion, Laughter. Creativity. But if Shem is their symbol, it follows that the other—the good, housebroken brother—is the symbol of No-Change, No-Laughter, No-Creativity. In the inner world, Shaun is the same inadequate figure that Shem is in the outer.

If Shem is censored, it is his outer half who does the censoring. Shaun is a prig, a pedant. A totalitarian. He accepts the rules and denies the life they govern. In the inner world the situation is reversed. There, Shem is intolerant. He rejects the Shaun-like

trappings, the dogmas, the institutions that suppress the human spirit.

He says, "Yes" to Life.

Like all figures in *Finnegans Wake*, Shaun and Shem are described by analogies. In effect, the members of the Earwicker family are a stock company of actors. The repertory is extensive. Each has many parts. Yet these parts are typical. Or we may consider the play as being about the family. The analogies are the actors. Each a father and a son, each a Shaun or Shem. Any time the context changes, they shift, dreamlike, from one role to another.

For example, Joyce himself. As a man and writer, he is a father. We see him in this relationship to the children of his body, Giorgio and Lucia, as well as to his books, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. He also is a son. As his father, he has Yeats, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Dedalus or Bloom.

To his claqué, Joyce is a Shaun, but his characteristic role is that of Shem—or James. Playing Shaun to his Shem—playing John to his James—are John Stanislaus Joyce, Oliver St. John Gogarty, John McCormack, De Valera, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound—and Eliot.

It is not hard to see why Joyce might pair himself with Eliot. *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* were, in many ways, like twins. They were published in one year, and by and large were written in one place: Switzerland. They were also siblings in their manner and their matter. In a style that combines naturalism, often sordid, a lush, ironic eloquence, erudition and vaudeville, each deals with a rootless people in a city—Dublin, London—that is itself a symbol for a world sterile and waiting for renewal. Both use parallels to state, and orchestrate, their theme. In addition, each book ends with a word that is repeated. In one case, it is "Yes." In the other, it is "*Shantih shantih shantih*" (Peace that passeth understanding).

Then, depending on the critic, each at once became the symbol of what was best—or worst—in the newest writing. Whether singly or together, they received both praise and blame. (Each was called a hoax.) Yet, if you compared them, it was clear which was Shaun and which Shem.

After all, it was Eliot who got the

Nathan Halper has written many articles on *Finnegans Wake*.

Dial Prize and became a lion in Bloomsbury. It was Joyce who got in trouble with Authority. When *The Little Review* ran chapters of *Ulysses*, it first was forbidden the mails; later, its owners were arrested for the section on Gertie McDowell. After this, the American publisher begged off. The English did likewise when the printers refused to work on the book. It was printed in France, but copies were seized by English custom officials. They were burned by the American.

In 1922—when Joyce was selecting and developing the themes for *Finnegans Wake*—the treatment of *Ulysses* was painfully present in his thoughts. Once again, he saw himself as the rejected Shem. Eliot was the favored son. Since he always used his own life as material, we would expect this correspondence to be reflected in the *Wake*.

Thus, on p. 305, the text mentions Quinn, lawyer for *The Little Review*. It continues: "Thou in shanty! Thou in scanty shanty!! Thou in slanty scanty shanty. . . . The law does not aloud you to shout."

Joyce is in the hovel. He is shanty. Poor, skinny—he is scanty. "Slainte" is the Irish toast. Many slaintes make him slanty. The law does not allow him to shout. This passage contains the phrase, "Bide in your hush! Bide in your hush, do!" In addition to being English, this is a transliteration of *Bi i dho husht*—"Keep still" in Gaelic. The phrase, enjoining silence in two languages at once, is also a reference to *Ulysses*, where the Citizen so addresses his dog as he kicks it in the ribs.

Where in all this is Eliot? The sequence, "Thou in shanty!" has three shanties. *Shantih*s. At this point, there is a marginal note: TRISHAGION. This means *Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus*. (One *sanctus* for each *shantih*.) While Shem, the mongrel, is getting a kick from the Citizen, well-bred members of the public bow their heads, raise their hands and address T. S. Eliot with a Holy! Holy! Holy!

On the next page: "Parent who offers sweetmeats will gifts uns his Noblett's surprize." Noblett's is a candy. Noblett's surprize is Noblitzer Prize. (Nobel plus Pulitzer.) And on the subject of prizes: "While the dial are they doodling dawdling over the mugs and the grubs?" Mugs are trophies; grubs are victuals: Eliot's poem won an award of \$2,000 from the *Dial*.

Meanwhile, what is happening to Shem? We get the answer in the margin: ENTER THE COPS AND HOW.

Mugs and grubs (Mookse and Gripes) is a part of *Finnegans Wake*. The *Dial* had a chance to publish part of the *Wake*. After first accepting it, the editors began to worry. They asked that it be cut to about half its size. Even so, they did not publish it.

Shem is what disturbs the father's sense of security! Change, Rebellion, Laughter, Emotion, Motion. Shaun is their absence. If he took himself and Eliot as types of Shem and Shaun, we may assume that Joyce was saying this about them. Phrases and words that seem unobtrusive may turn out to be meaningful. The bland may have an aftertaste. It may turn out to be gamy.

Chapter Five contains a letter. This letter, by extension, represents all books or writings that, no matter how ironically, are considered sacred scripture—a category that includes both *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*.

Bear the following in mind: *Ulysses* has eighteen chapters: the *Odyssey* twenty-four; the last chapter of *Ulysses*, Molly Bloom's soliloquy, is known as "Penelope"; also, the first edition—the blue Paris edition—has 732 pages. On p. 123 of the *Wake* appear "eighteenthly or twenty-fourthly . . . Penelopean patience of its last paraphe . . . seven hundred and thirty-two strokes . . . the vaulting feminine libido."

The "paraphe" is important. A paraphe is a flourish; in particular, the flourish that helps us distinguish one signature from another. By calling Molly's "Yes" a paraphe, Joyce is saying that the difference between *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* is the difference between "Yes" and "*Shantih shantih shantih*." (Peace that passeth understanding.)

On p. 111, we are told about the finding of what "looked for all this . . . world like a goodish-sized sheet of letterpaper." It originates "by transhipt from Boston." Eliot—transhipt from Boston—wrote *The Boston Evening Transcript*. This letter has a teastain. T. Stearns Eliot.

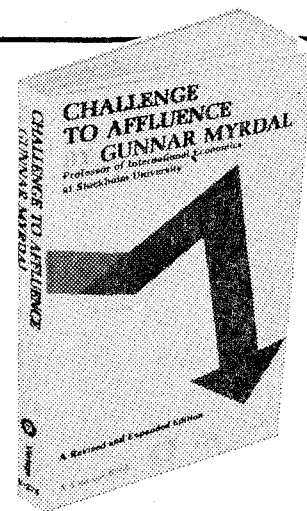
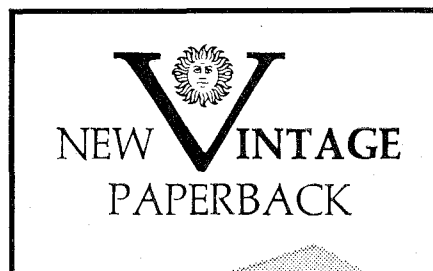
In his Notes to *The Waste Land*, Eliot says that Tiresias is its most important personage. On p. 114, Joyce tells us the letter has acquired "accretions of terricious matter whilst loitering in the past." On the same page, he asks, "Where in the waste is the wisdom?"

"Goodish-sized sheet of letterpaper." *The Waste Land* is "goodish"; also "sized"—that is, glossy, stiff and saturated with glue. The glue its writer used when he pasted together the tags, echoes and allusions that he took from others.

Letter has another meaning. Letter as opposed to spirit. Paul said, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." In the paragraph dealing with the letter from Boston, there is a reference to Paul. Paul is a Shem. On p. 228, he is specifically Joyce. A "farced epistol to the hibrus" is a *Letter to the Hebrews*. It is also *Ulysses*. An Epistle to the Highbrows.

In the world of Shaun, the opposite is true. To complete the pattern, he should say: "The spirit killeth but the letter giveth life." As it happens—Eliot said it. He said it (*For Lan-celot Andrewes*, p. 94) about the time that Joyce was working on this passage.

Shem is a finder: Shaun is a keeper. These sayings are offered without comment; they are given no emphasis. It is for the reader to put the statements together. The finders are not the keepers. It is Shaun who



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is the owner of the treasure Shem has found.

It is Shem who is creative. It is Shaun who gets the prizes. If he gets the prizes, even though he's not creative, it must follow that he gets them by putting to his own uses what the other has created.

In the outer world, it is Shem who borrows. He is called a "scrounger." We are told he "lives on loans." In the inner world, however, the situation is reversed. It is Shaun who sponges. He is what Shem is in the outer. With no riches of his own, he lives on his brother's capital.

Wyndham Lewis said that Joyce, in his writing, borrowed from Wyndham Lewis. Stanislaus said that Joyce borrowed from Stanislaus. This is cited in the *Wake*. To fill the pattern, there should be a Shaun—a writer who borrows from Joyce.

In his essay on Massinger, Eliot says a test of a poet is the way he borrows. "Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal." In the *Wake*, Shaun accuses Shem of "stolentelling" and "robblemint." There should be a Shaun. A poet who imitates. When he borrows from Shaun, Shem turns it into something Shem-like. "He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak." When Shaun borrows from Shem, the result is Shaun-like: "He points the deathbone and the quick are still." This is followed by a few religious formulae. As in *The Waste Land*, the end is in Sanskrit.

On p. 108, we are warned against inferring that the author is "incapable of misappropriating the spoken word of others." A few pages later, the suggestion is less hesitant. All through *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce uses "master-builder" as a symbol of the artist. On p. 111, the writer (Joyce or Eliot) is a "masterbilker."

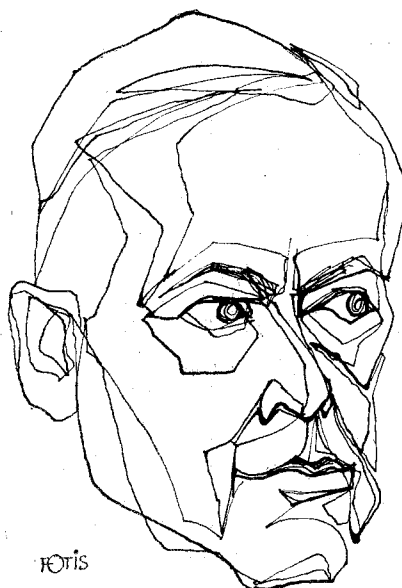
A bilker is a man who evades the paying of his debts. In his Notes to *The Waste Land*, Eliot says that he got its title, plan and a good deal of the symbolism from Jessie Weston. He also cites about thirty other sources. He gives them all the credit. He sometimes seems to give them more than is actually due. If, in spite of this, Joyce persists in calling him a bilker, it must be because he feels that there is a source, a debt, that the other has omitted to acknowledge.

Shaun is Shaun the Post: Shem is Shem the Pen. A Post carries letters, is paid for carrying letters. But, he does not write them. They are written by a Pen. What is true of letters is true of the letter. On p. 420, we are

specifically told that it's carried by Shaun. It's written by Shem. On the next page—"Here's the bayleaffs." Bayleaf (laurel) for the poem. For *Ulysses*—here are bailiffs.

It is "seized of the crown." It is *Ulysses*, it is seized by the Crown; it is *The Waste Land*, accepted by the crowd. Stephen is Greek for "crown." *It is taken from Stephen.*

Though the books are twins, *Ulysses* is the older. When Eliot wrote his poem, a large part of the novel was already available. Thus, *The Little Review* had begun to print installments in 1918. What is even more relevant, the *Egoist* had published



T. S. Eliot

five segments in 1919. Eliot was its assistant editor.

It had formerly been a feminist magazine, called *The New Free-woman*. On p. 112 of the *Wake* there is a tribute to feminism. It begins with the words, "Lead, kindly fowl!" The phrase is a parody of *Lead, Kindly Light*. This is by Newman. In the words of New Man, Joyce praises the New Woman.

The particular fowl is a little black hen. A hen is a "poule." Dublin is "black pool" in Gaelic. It is a little black pool.

Molly Bloom is Penelope. A penelope is a bird: a henlike bird. Molly has black hair. She is a black penelope. She's a little black poule.

There is another hen. One who manages: who scratches. Who clucks over her litter—who clucks over the letter. Who fusses; makes it possible. Who brings it out into the air. Penelope was a weaver. The name itself means weaver. Harriet Weaver was

the editor and owner of the *Egoist*. Virginia Woolf describes her as "modest, judicious and decorous . . . her table-manners were those of a well-bred hen." She gave Joyce and Eliot moral and financial aid. The hen is Harriet Weaver. And, by extension, the *Egoist*.

In January, 1919, the magazine published the first installment of *Ulysses*. On p. 112, in the paragraph that begins, "Lead, kindly fowl!" we find that on a "weird weekday in bleak Janiveer" the hen "looked at literature." "Weird" means prophetic. A weekday is a workday. As Eliot was the assistant editor, it was a workday for him. The phrase "bleak Janiveer" has a hint of Geneva where "by waters of Leman," Eliot worked on *The Waste Land*.

It was a "palmy date in a waste's oasis"—"Letters have never been quite their old selves again." A palmy—glorious—date. It was a day like a date palm. This is of the genus phoenix. A symbol of renewal.

It is phoenix dactylophorous. A phoenix bearing dactyls. A dactyl is a verse. *Ulysses* led to verses.

To palm is to manipulate. To do it by sleight of hand. It was a palmy date. A day that was prophetic of palming.

What is it Eliot took? One thing is the use of parallels. On p. 109, we read that the writer is "given to . . . syncopation." This is the imposition of one time scheme on another. Joyce uses it to mean imposing the past on the present. A Homeric past on *Ulysses*. The Holy Grail on *The Waste Land*. But—"given to" is also "given, too."

Eliot is "given to" . . . "syncopation." This is something he is "given, too."

The third chapter of *Ulysses*, "Proteus," is one of the five that were published in the *Egoist*. Of all chapters, it is the one most like *The Waste Land*. Of all the minds that we enter in *Ulysses*, the mind of Stephen in "Proteus" is the one that most resembles the darting, shuttling mind of the narrator in *The Waste Land*. Not only in its movement; it is like it in its coloring. It is the chapter that is most metaphysical, most poetical, the one that is most allusive.

Joyce often uses the silent, interior monologue. But there are two places where he especially does this. One of these is "Penelope." In the chart which he gave to Stuart Gilbert, he describes the entire chapter as

"Monologue (female)." He calls "Proteus" a "Monologue (male)." *The Waste Land* is a similar monologue. It is what passes through the mind of the narrator when, like Stephen, he walks on the beach.

In each, there is a consciousness of the Water and Dry Land. This may be inevitable. So may the drowning man. But other things aren't: the dog, rat, carious teeth—these and many more make an appearance in *The Waste Land*. The allusions come from the same or similar sources. (They sometimes come from the same song.) In each, there is a sense of "houses of decay," a sense of "broken images." A sense of something that is missing—and must come.

In a paper in *English Studies*, April, 1954, the Italian scholar, Giorgio Melchiori, noticed how much *The Waste Land* is indebted to "Proteus." James Joyce also saw it. But he saw it about thirty years earlier.

Joyce uses "Proteus" as a specific chapter. It is also a symbol of the book as a whole. ("Penelope" is a symbol of what differentiates *Ulysses* from *The Waste Land*; "Proteus" of what is similar.)

On p. 107, we are told that the letter is a "proteiform graph," or the prototype is "Proteus." The paragraph that begins on p. 110 is a bit more explicit. "Keepy . . . Kevin" euchres the "finding of the Ardagh chalice by [a] . . . beachwalker." Kevin is a local saint. There is an Ardagh chalice. A chalice is a grail. In his Notes to *The Waste Land*, Eliot admits a debt to *From Ritual to Romance*, Miss Weston's book about the Grail. This was not published until 1920. He saw *Ulysses* earlier.

Ar dagh—our Da—is a pronunciation of Ardagh. It is Our Father's chalice. "Euchre" suggests the Eucharist. Euchre also is a card game. To "euchre" is to win in the other fellow's trumps. He got his chalice from a beachwalker.

There is a Kevin in "Proteus." On p. 49 (Modern Library edition), Stephen catches himself as he nods. "That is Kevin Egan's movement I made."

When he speaks of "keepy Kevin," Joyce is rounding a pattern. In *Ulysses*—"Proteus"—he made Kevin's movement. Then, in *The Waste Land*, a Kevin made his. He took the movements that Joyce made in "Proteus."

Kevin is "child of a strandlooper." A "child" is a disciple: one who by his practice shows signs of another's

influence. Strand Road is the street that runs along the beach. (In the chart that Joyce gave to Gilbert, the scene of this chapter is specifically called the Strand.)

On a "strate that was called strete" he "trouved up . . . a motive for future saintity." A "motive" is a motif. A "strate" in Dublin is a "street" in London. (The Strand appears in *The Waste Land*.) On a strate called strete, he came on a motif for his subsequent saintliness.

On a street called Straight, (Acts IX), Paul found a similar motif. The scales fell from his eyes. "He received sight . . . and was baptized. . . . And straightway, he preached Christ in the synagogues."

Kevin is a type of Peter. He is opposite to Paul. He found the motif on a "strate called strete." The scales fell from his eyes. ("He preached Christ in the synagogues.")

"Trouved up": trued up. He trued up the copy. (A strete is an extract.) As the assistant editor, he, presumably, proofread "Proteus." Then, as a poet, he put out a corrected version.

He did this while "trying to wheedle . . . raw raw reeraw puteters out of Now Sealand." Now Sealand is the beach. (Now sea: now land.) A "pute" is a strumpet. "Teter" is a skin disease.

A "reeraw" is a flurry. The flurry of Eliot's

The typist home at teatime
and

The young man carbuncular.
In his Notes to *The Waste Land*, Eliot says that "What Tiresias sees . . . is the substance of the poem." What he sees is the love-play of the young man and typist.

Eliot got Tiresias where Joyce got Dedalus. (From the *Metamorphoses*.) In spite of this, Tiresias seems related not so much to Stephen as to Mr. Bloom. It is Bloom who, like Tiresias, turns into a woman. He foresees Molly and Boylan in his bed—

*Perceived the scene, and foretold
the rest—*

I too awaited the expected guest. . . .

I Tiresias foresuffered all. . . .

However, there is also a hint of Tiresias in Stephen. Near the end of the chapter (p. 49—where he imitates Kevin), he sees himself as an "augur." He imagines a love scene. Then, on the next page, he remembers how pleased he was when he was able to get a girl's shoe on his foot. There is a reference to Wilde.

In Ovid, Tiresias sees a pair of copulating snakes. He parts them with

his staff. Whereupon he turns into a woman. In "Proteus"—after the reference to Wilde—the tides begin to come in. There is a hissing. He sees the waters as snakes. "Rising." "Flowing." "Upswelling." "Flower unfurling."

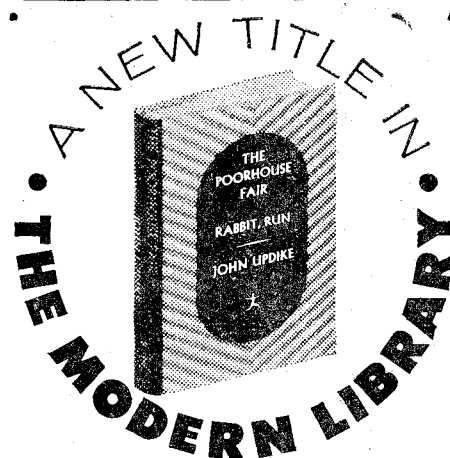
Eliot knew this chapter. (He saw it through the press.) He knew the Ovid. (His Notes give us the whole passage.) It may be that the snakes and images of tumescence led him to think of Tiresias. What is less hypothetical is that James Joyce was able to see a resemblance. It gave him one more excuse to comment upon what he and Eliot did.

If these sentences helped Eliot to think of Tiresias, they may also have suggested what Tiresias saw. The waves—"Lord, they are weary"—are like Eliot's people. "To no end gathered," they are "vainly then released."

The weeds "lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats." This could well be a description of the typist. (One might almost think that *The Waste Land* was written first and that Joyce wrote such passages to mock it.)

On the previous page, Stephen thinks of a "virgin" he saw by a bookshop window. "Lady of letters." He envisages a scene: "Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hands. I am lonely here. . . . I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me."

Again, Joyce finds an excuse for a



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comparison. In the poem, the caresses are

Unreproved, if undesired.

Here advances are reprov'd. ("Talk that to someone else, Stevie.") But they are desired.

Stephen supposes she wears "stays, suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wool." This is not enravishing, yet it is not unkind. The homey detail hints a desire to be intimate.

Eliot's typist — "lady of letters" — has on her divan

Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays.

They are the suitable details of a distasteful scene. Instead of being homey, their presence seems an indictment.

In *Ulysses*, the time and place are sterile. The people have a capacity for warmth; though there are barriers that stop them from having the communions they desire. In Eliot, these capacities are absent. His people may be like Joyce's inanimate objects. They are not like his people. They have no wish to be involved. There is a shrinking from the contact, the touch.

"Raw raw reeraw puteters." This effect of a stammer is one that Joyce uses often in the *Wake*; it is the stammer of guilt. "Keepy little Kevin" is guilty. (This is opposed to the "innocent" beachwalker.)

The repetition has another implication. It relates Tiresias to the "lady of letters." "Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hands."

Eliot says that Tiresias is the substance of the poem. Joyce makes these comments:

(1) It is not the substance. It is only an addition. A "terrificious" accretion. (2) He took it from "Now Sealand." (Even the accretions were taken from the "Proteus.") (3) When he took it, he inverted it. The desire for human warmth became a drawing away from it.

"Reeraw" means "topsy-turvy."

"Now Sealand" is the beach, but it suggests New Zealand. Joyce does not neglect this; he picks it up on p. 335. "Vastelend . . . neuziel and oltrig-ger. . ."

Waste Land. New zeal—and old rigor.

In 1922, Eliot became the editor of *Criterion*. This was Harriet Weaver's successor to the *Egoist*. In its first issue, he printed *The Waste Land*.

A few years later, he asked Joyce for a chapter of his *Work in Progress*. Joyce gave him the Fifth, the chapter we have been discussing. The version

was not as long as the one that finally appeared. But the material and the way it was presented were essentially the same. Kevin was not yet "keepy." But this much was established: he euchred the Ardagh chalice from an innocent beachwalker. This was printed in the issue of July, 1925.

In 1958, at a reading at Columbia, Eliot said of the "Hippopotamus": "It's the only poem of mine which I've any reason to suppose that James Joyce ever read."

In August, 1925, Joyce—in a letter to Miss Weaver—described a stay in Normandy with a parody of *The Waste Land*. This was included in his *Letters*, published in 1957, by Faber & Faber, of which firm Eliot was an editor. Apparently, he did not see this volume through the press.

If Joyce censures Eliot, it is not because he borrows. (Every writer does this.) It is because his borrowing is not creative. He will now show the way it should be done. To round out his pattern, he will borrow from *The Waste Land*. He puts to his own purpose the allusions, phrases and motifs that appear in the poem. In the Notes to the poem. Eliot's narrator now becomes the beachwalker. Joyce becomes the Kevin. He is the child of a strandlooper.

He picks up Jessie Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*: shows what Eliot should have done with Tiresias.

Four Old Men loiter in Earwicker's pub. They are turning into four old women. They are the critics, historians. From the four corners, walls, they watch what happens in the room. Each at one of the four posts, they watch what happens in the bed.

They are Tiresias. He "foresuffered." He "foretold." He is broken into Four Old Men. They are far from being the "most important personage." They are supernumeraries. The accretions, the "terrificious matter." In the world of Joyce, they are neither functioning nor functional, yet they have kept a ghost of the life-giving waters. They "remembore" . . . they "remembore." "All wishening for anything at all of the bygone times." They are "listening and spraining their ears for the millenium." And—as they do this—their mouths are "making water."

The critics, the judges, are like Eliot himself. On p. 503, they discuss the world-tree. The "overlisting ashtree." In the tones of Eliot (i.e., Joyce's Eliot), one of the old men says, "An evernasty ashtrey."

Joyce is a man not without malice.

He has a portion of envy. There is megalomania, as well as the paranoia of a man who is sure that his enemies are in a conspiracy to withhold his honors or his monetary rewards, while his friends are always ready to slight, insult and otherwise betray him. But, if he had these traits, he was aware of them. They became a part of his material. They were there to be used. He made a point not only of not concealing, but of emphasizing and even exaggerating them. Especially in the *Wake*. In a dream which, by its nature, is the catch-all of resentments and complaints.

Is he hard on Eliot? He is harder on himself. He is hard on Yeats, whom he seems to have admired. He is hard on his family, whom he seems to have loved. Hard on Bloom, Molly, Dedalus, Humphrey C. Earwicker. He describes them in terms of their weaknesses—their contemptible weaknesses. Yet, as he does this, they become archetypal. Not unimpressive and, in a way, not unadmirable figures.

In the world of *Finnegans Wake*, the world of Shaun and Shem, he can only be unkind. The Shauns must revile the Shems; the Shems malign the Shauns. The book is full of Shaun-like statements against himself. On the inner level, he—the pattern of Shem—is obliged to be censorious. He must be priggish, intolerant, a zealot who is unsparing to any Shaun who, by definition, falls short.

Indeed, Joyce may be kinder to Eliot than he is to the other variants. He is shown as a writer. (Pound is merely a scribe; Wyndham Lewis a lecturer.) His poem is the counterpart of *Ulysses*. Unworthy—but a counterpart!

This may be counted as praise.

Joyce may have started with a certain amount of bitterness. Yet it is hard to believe that he was able to keep all of its original intensity. There would always be a newer grudge to feed on. There was, also, less nourishment for this one.

There was still reason for him to feel rejected. *Ulysses* could not as yet be printed in either England or America. Yet, thanks to Miss Weaver, his financial worries were less. He was read and admired. He was eminent. Pre-eminent. "Picasso," he wrote, "has not a higher name than I have." Though, of course, he would complain that Picasso got tens of thousands of francs, and for only "a few hours work."

There was also a sense of high spirits. Reading his work—even read-

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ing the proofs—could set him shaking with laughter. He was taken with his barbs, the ways he hid them, the ways he twisted them. He had built up a system. There was a joy in seeing that the system worked. How, with a little help from himself, all things fell into place.

There was something genial—it was there from the first—when he would peer severely at Shaun. At T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound or Lewis. (Even at De Valera.)

If nothing else told him, his own system would: if his work was successful, it was for the wrong reasons. Because of something that is Shaun-like in his readers—or himself. He has a circle of disciples. He is now the white-headed boy. The One Most Likely To Make Good. He has succeeded—he will do even better. “Boy. . . . Work your progress!” This statement (p. 473) is addressed to Shaun.

It is only in a specific context and in relation to another that a man is a Shaun or a Shem. By himself he is simultaneously both. When he uses Shaun and Eliot to describe each other, Joyce is using both to describe himself. When he was blaming Shaun—or any Shaun-like figure—he was blaming himself.

As he grows older, a Shem becomes like Shaun. He has his obligations. He has a stake in the outer world. A Shaun becomes like Shem. Willy-nilly, he knows time, change, defeat and pain. Each is Mr. Earwicker. A Shaun-and-Shem. The difference between them finally is less important than the things they have in common. No matter what they are (or once seemed to be) they have the same epitaph: “They lived and laughed and loved and left.”

Joyce declared himself a Shem; he made Eliot a Shaun. Yet, according to his system neither is able to exist save in the presence of the other. To have a new day—a renewal of the cycle—there must also be a *Waste Land*. In every field of activity, what the rebel has created becomes the Church, the State and Academy. His own work will become the dead hand of the past. It will need a new rebellion. We are the heirs of maybe a thousand cycles. When Joyce is done, we are the heirs of a thousand and one. That is his contribution.

Tides—to no end gathered. They are vainly then released. It is a world of futility, a world like Eliot's. Yet there also is a drive. There is a

verve. Willy-nilly, there is a joy. (He is always punning on his name.)

Having postulated a Shem and a Shaun, he needed a pair who would best exemplify the relationship between them. He chose Joyce and Eliot: *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*. Then, having made a choice, he had to make adjustments. He had to squeeze, to force them into his pattern. He had to play Procrustes. And, like Procrustes, he may have been a bit unfair.

Thus, for numerous reasons, we may qualify his statements. We may minimize or palliate. But we should be careful not to go too far. If we

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THE HOTEL WENTLEY POEMS. By John Wieners. The Auerhahn Press. 22 pp. \$1 paper.

Robert Duncan

In *The Hotel Wentley Poems*, published by Auerhahn Press in 1958, and again in 1964, John Wieners writes, “I am engaged in taking away from God his sound”; in the opening poem of *Ace of Pentacles*, “Ode on a Common Fountain” (which may be a poem from as early as 1954, the year he graduated from Boston College), he begins: “Since winter froze your flowing summer sound,” and the rushing waters of the fountain embody, we begin to realize, the unity of life force, the creative force of the poem itself—“song,” and being in love:

*Today they turn your sprays and
magic on,
And high, high to watch against
the sun,
The first far murmurs of your mes-
sage run.*

The you addressed by the poet is at once his own life form, his poetry and his Eros. The two books, *The Hotel Wentley Poems* and *Ace of Pentacles* stand now as interrelated first statements and evocations of a poet's life, as testimony. “To take away from God his sound” becomes a haunting declaration, for there is an intense need for love in these poems that would take away from love its sound. In the early “Ode on a Common Fountain” the four frozen figures of

Robert Duncan is a poet whose latest work is *Roots and Branches* (Scribner's).

overcompensate, we, in our turn, may work a distortion. He chose Eliot to play in his paradigm because he is so well suited for the part.

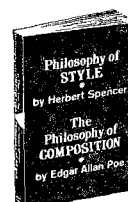
In terms of the letter, he and Eliot are twins. When he says they are opposite, he is saying they are similar. (North and South Pole are a part of the same globe: the same universe of discourse.) Yet he does say they are opposite. There is a difference between them. No matter how much we discount—we are left with this difference. The distinction between “Yes” and “*Shantih shantih shantih*.” (Peace that passeth understanding.)

the fountain, their “ducts of spring and fall” dry, are “men, with souls run dry and parched of grace,”

*Who still entreat, with starved and
upstretched hands
For faith to flush on eye and soul
and face.*

“No life explodes from tiger's mouth to yours,” he continues.

The fountain waiting to turn on reappears in *The Hotel Wentley Poems* where the women of Edvard Munch's paintings wait and “blood is



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the water-/color they use to turn on." In "The Acts of Youth" the poet, despondent and fearful, in a period of drug addiction, tells us: "I inhabit the middle of the night," "without God":

*So I turn on the light
And smoke rings rise in the air.
Do not think of the future; there is
none.
But the formula all great art is
made of.*

The language of the junkies' world speaks for Wieners, having resonances that unite his life experience with the mythopoeic reality in which man is in exile from God, from the Light or the Word, and yet has moments of illumination in poetry or in love in which he awakens to his yearning for return to God. The Lover, in Plato's myth the First Beloved because of whom there is love, in the Christian myth is Christ, the Son. And it may be that the Christos upon the Cross is *hooked* or *fixed*. In "A poem for the old man" the lovers are hooked on love, fixed as lovers, and Wieners speaks of his own lost lover "pushing the love I put / in his eyes"; in Act 2 the protagonists "fixed in the night and / sank into a stinging flash"—which may be merely an account of a lonely tryst between strangers seeking love, in the shadow world of drugs, but "fixed," "night," "sank" and "flash" carry a message beyond this. "1/4 grain of love / we had," the poet tells us.

So in "The Windows," also written during Wieners' San Francisco years (1957-60), he sees the colors of Delauney's painting and the lines of Apollinaire's poem "a sound and end in itself," where: "There are no connections. And yet, look how each one of us is hooked." In "The Waning of the Harvest Moon": "Dogs bark in my ears. My man lost."

*My soul a jangle of lost connections.
Who will plug in the light at
autumn.
When all men are alone.
Down. And further yet to go.*

The periods are meaningful with the isolation of each sound, and end in itself.

The world of outcasts — junkies, strippers, homosexual lovers — has been the *mise en scène* of a new generation aware of having no place or in protest against the values and ends of the permanent war economy. It is the near underworld, and for the mythopoeic mind it is the underworld.

John Wieners may be related to Baudelaire, whose artificial paradise was raised in despair and yearning for, but also in accusation of, the Father, and more immediately to Rimbaud, whose illuminations also (fire stolen from Zeus or sound from God) were flashes, grains of light, from grains of hallucinatory drugs. "My illuminations of paregoric," Wieners writes in "A Series," "The white swans breathe a tempest of waves."

He derives from whatever songs of unrequited and unhappy love, tran-

Denise Levertov, the poetry editor, will be on leave for the summer. During her absence no new poetry will be selected.

sient rapture, enduring tenderness — from Rimbaud or Baudelaire, but also from blues or the high speech of Elizabethan theatrical passion — all that might provide a tradition for what is most real in his own life. It is a great tradition of what is most real; not only poets but seers and prophets have reiterated the ultimate value of an ecstasy that is identified with sexual orgasm, with sight beyond sight, with divine or demonic inspiration. So, Jacob Boehme, the 17th-century mystic, in the *Aurora*, speaks a language akin to that of John Wieners, where in the account of the awakening of a man to the Word or the kindling of the Son in the Father I find: "And this stirring in the hardness is the tone, so that there is a sound";

and the light or flash maketh the ringing, and the sweet water maketh the ringing soft: so that a man can use the sound to the distinction of speech or articulation of syllables.

And again in this same testimony of the nature of spiritual awakening, Boehme's language and Wieners' language seem of a kindred longing: "Thus also in man":

When one qualifying or fountain spirit riseth up, then it toucheth all the others, and seeth all the others, for it riseth up in the middle fountain or well-spring of the heart, where, in the heat, the flash of light kindleth itself, wherein the spirit in its rising up, in the same flash, seeing thru all the spirits. . . . For from the flash cometh the light of the Majesty.

Going back to my first notes on *Ace of Pentacles* four months ago I find: "The haunting beat of 'night,' 'sight,' 'side,' 'pine' in syncopated rhyme; the loss in recovery of 'grove'

then 'groove' to 'overgrown.' A lyrical insistence, a so excellent music, that only being in love would make things sing in this way."

Then: "'Dear' means both *costly* and *loved* when Wieners writes:

*No book I turn to but I hear
An inner voice so dear say
'Pass over the commands today;
forget
What is allowed, and what is not.'*"

Later, I note of "Ode On A Common Fountain": "We are aware that for this poet intense experiences are realized as song. It is a very early poem of Wieners. Later, he writes—whatever his recall of traditional forms—in terms of the musical phrase that does not conform by repetition of meters but by grace of more subtle references and resonances. But even here in the very regular meters and rhymes of an apprentice work—measures of stressed syllables and vowel-consonant repetitions—it is the grace of liberated and liberating feeling that is communicated, not the rigor (the *rigor mortis* of so much verse of conformity) of an imposed discipline. Yet a graceful rigor seems to be Wieners' natural mode; we feel the force of deliberation in his most free forms—he is never casual. The grace is miraculous, for he aims at intensities, he is moved in intensities, by orders that shape and then restrict feeling to the ardent. In certain poems — 'Cocaine,' 'My Mother,' 'Let the heart's pain slack off,' 'An Anniversary of Death,' this force is so strong, emotion so entirely moving toward the form of the poem, that no element of putting into words comes into it; he must indeed, as he testifies in 'Let the heart's pain slack off,' listen to an inner voice, or as in 'A Series':

*I see the unknown words written in
my brain
before they are set down on paper.*

His mind seems so all heart, his heart all mind."

Weeks later I jotted down for a beginning sentence: "I would speak of certain poets whose work has become for me an enduring part of poetry. . . ." But I did not want to rest with aesthetic recognitions. As I read, content emerged, a context of poetic thought where meaning began to gather in depths I had felt in earlier readings.

Not only in his title *Ace of Pentacles* but in at least two poems in the volume, "The Imperatrice" and "Le Chariot," John Wieners has reference to the Tarot cards as emblems

of poetry. Turning to that Tarot deck drawn by Pamela Coleman Smith for the Order of the Golden Dawn under the direction of A. E. Waite — the Tarot then of Yeats's poetry, of Eliot's *The Waste Land* and of Charles Williams' *The Greater Trumps* — I find that a hand of light emerges from the shadow upholding in its radiance the "Ace of Pentacles," gold upon which the magic sign of the Son is engraved. Below, the garden. Nowhere does the dark gray break into blue. The figure is like the luminosity of a poem given as a sign, an upholding, within a silence that without this must be as dense as the Silence that pervades Ingmar Bergman's trilogy of the shadow Hell casts upon earth. In "The Serpent's Hiss," Wieners—in the despair of a "frozen loneliness that will not thaw / Nor let me sleep" —suddenly cries out: "all air is ours to fly" /

*Amid the rose petals of some forgotten hand
That flowers in the night like moon.*

These poems have depth because a descent has been made. In "Cocaine," he tells us he has seen the face of the Lover

*in an artificial paradise it is Hell
to get into.
If I knew you were there
I would fall upon my knees and
plead to God
to deliver you in my arms once
again.*

Boehme tells us that Satan fell into the depths because he saw his twin Christ reflected there and fell in love. The poet tells us one must

*confuse the sensations so that this
Face,
what aches in the heart and makes
each new
start less close to the source of
desire,
fade from the flesh that fires the
night.*

Hell, one of the Rabbis in Moses of Leon's *Zohar* says, is the first rung of the ladder of Heaven. And these poems have heights, they are upheld, from the first, drawn toward a message "high, too high to watch against the sun." One of Wieners' most beautiful poems is "My Mother," but in no poem does he refer to his father or to God the Father. But that high rumor is of the Christ, I believe, the person of the Father's Love. Between the depth and the height there is space for the spirit of man to gather its self.

That first day of reading, months ago, I jotted down twelve poems that seemed to me of the very first order

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throughout. Later, I found that unevenly realized poems often contained passages of a high order, heights and depths of the poet's meaning, although his formal realization was not sustained further. I would like to reiterate those twelve poems, for my awe and love have only increased; and I add two more which I have come to understand as I have begun to read the language of Wieners' vision: "The Woman," "A Poem for Trapped Things," "Let the heart's pain slack off," "The Mermaid's Song," "An An-

niversary of Death," "My Mother," "A Series," "Cocaine," "Moon Poems," "Procrastination," "You Talk Of Going But Don't Even Have A Suitcase," "Sonnet: My soul I gave without my knowing"; and, after study, and particularly after conversion to the beauty of Wieners' poetic syntax which often has the inversions and awkwardnesses of folk ballad and popular song—"The Waning of the Harvest Moon" and "Confession." These belong indeed to what is enduring for me, to the body of poetry.

stubble of beard hardly diminished the look of blazing intelligence for which he is famous, when, after a time, he looked up.

Q: Mr. Profound, I think, for just this once, we'll put aside Pound, Joyce and Eliot. Would you object?

A: What?

Q: We'll try to make the interview more personal. First, do you have a routine you must go through before you begin writing each day?

A: Heh—not really. I do put this on. (Picks up an old-fashioned leather aviation helmet with attached goggles, and buckles the chin strap.)

Q: Oooh! You look so funny!

A: I can't hear anything with this on. The goggles keep my eyes front and center.

Q: You'll have to take it off for the rest of the interview.

A: What?

Q: You'll have to take it off!

A: (Takes it off.) Then I get my chalk together.

Q: What for?

A: I do my first drafts on that blackboard.

Q: How does that work out—technically?

A: When I get the board all covered, I erase and start over.

Q: But how is it preserved?

A: Some of it I copy on paper, here at this table. Not all of it. Just what—what—

Q: What is too keen to lose, is that it? The cream. How fascinating. But when you copy, I suppose you start out by sharpening a lot of pencils?

A: No, no, I use this marking pen attached by this rubber tube to that barrel of ink overhead. I can't stand running out of ink. Cannot stand!

Q: Oh ho! But if the barrel runs out?

A: An automatic switching device brings in a spare tank and lowers a blinking electric sign reading *ink low*, *ink low*.

Q: But there's no physical routine you go through before you begin work?

A: Well, I make my own paper; I guess that's physical. Mulch up rags, toothpicks, matchsticks, bits of crate—not a bad grade. Feel this. None of your watermarked bond, I'll admit, but it's real. Go ahead, have another piece. Care for some peanut butter? Marshmallows?

A Literary Interview

Pussy Adore



The scene is the imitation-Philippine-mahogany-paneled study of Penwright Profound, author of a single novel, published in 1947, entitled *That Was The World War Two That Was* (TW2W2TW), based on his experiences in Europe cleaning and adjusting spark plugs for trucks of the storied Red Ball Express while on special assignment as a noncommissioned officer (T/5) in the Transportation Corps. Since the shattering impact of that first work upon the reading public, Profound has produced a stream of memoirs ("Rub A Dub Dub," a charming account of a bath taken

with a small friend at the age of 5), travel ("Coney Island, That Never-Never Land," a heartbreaking account of four determined, though unsuccessful, attempts to reach the famous beach resort via BMT subway from the Bronx), and popular sociology (the incisive "Some of My Best Friends Are Southern Sheriffs," a personality study of the sheriff of Boondocks County, Georgia, in whose jail the author spent a weekend after a misunderstanding about local traffic regulations). But, unsated, his public awaits completion of his work-in-progress: Profound's first major work of fiction in nearly two decades.

As I entered the study, Profound was nodding over his work table. Egg stains on his shirt front and a

Pussy Adore is a Skidmore graduate presently writing a master's thesis on how to get yourself into authors' works as a character in them.

Q: It's yummy goodums just as it is. But to get on, tell me what you think of Hemingway's method? He once said, "You write until you come to a place where you still have your juice and know what will happen next."

A: I just write until I get to the end of the blackboard.

Q: No little tricks, either to get started or to stop at the right place?

A: There is one device, a little game with letters. Like, on Monday, say, I'll start all my sentences with "A." You can use "a" or "an" or "apple," anything with "A." No "the," though. If I come up with any "the" sentences I save them for three weeks or so until I get to "T" day. Then, on "T" day, I don't have to start off empty-handed. I think this is one of the problems writers have, starting off empty-handed.

Q: The next day, after you'd done "A," you'd do "B"?

A: Sure—a lot of sentences you can start off with "By God," or "But," or "By the way." Take a sentence like, "You're spilling your drink on your skirt." It could be, "By God, you're..."

Q: Hah! Oop! I'm sorry.

A: Then the next day, with "C," you can put "Can't you understand that—" in front of any sentence.

Q: Wow. It's fascinating.

A: For "D"—shall I go on?

Q: Please!

A: You put "Don't you see" in front. A lot of times just these phrases get you going. It's self-help, I admit. I give it to you.

Q: It's beautiful. So simple. But, you know, Norman Mailer once said, "When I discuss ideas, it spills the tension I need to write." Do you feel that way about interviews? About this interview?

A: Well, of course, you need tension. I keep mine up by keeping as nervous as I can. The possibility of the *ink low* sign being lowered helps. Then I have my answering service call occasionally to say they have just remembered some calls last month that were for me—no details, but some girl calling about a pregnancy, and there was a lawyer or a police judge who telephoned, and then somebody in Hollywood who said something about making a movie out of my "Rub A Dub Dub." It's always vague.

Q: Your service makes up these stories just to make you nervous?

A: You can never tell—they handle my real calls the same way.

Q: But I'm afraid we're ignoring the heartbeat of the matter—your current work. Will you be saying something you have not said before?

A: My, yes.

Q: Something that no one has ever said before?

A: Well, I—

Q: Hush. A touch of *Angst*—how can I put it—a pox on thingism, perhaps even a biliousness only too universal? *N'est-ce pas?*

A: All that.

Q: May I trespass a bit further, and ask you—do you base your work on actual people and events?

A: No ma'm. Make it all up.

Q: But then—that scene with Lindbergh over the Atlantic!

A: Made it up. Wasn't anybody with him at the time. Couple of chocolate bars.

Q: So gripping. But that scene with Simone de Beauvoir, Mao Tse-tung, Ben Fairless, Charlie Mingus and Andy Devine—that, of course, was imagined?

A: Nooo—that one, I took from real life. We all met on a cruise. Three weeks, sharing a table in the dining room. Dull bunch.

Q: And your plans beyond this work-in-progress?

A: I may do some pop lit—tear advertising cards out of the subway, assemble them in boxes, and let people riffle through them.

Q: And you'll be saying... saying?

A: It's the riffling sound, mainly.

Q: Oh, silly me! Silly, silly. I've pushed too far. But one last question, how is it when you stop working? How do you feel? Hemingway wrote, "When you stop you are as empty, and at the same time never empty but filling, as when you have made love..."

A: I'm not sure. I'd have to consider. But, see here, my dear—wouldn't you be more comfortable over here on the couch?

Q: Why, yes, thank you. I would. But, I—oooh. Oh, now, see—you're making me lose hold of my notebook!

ROY BONGARTZ

Roy Bongartz is the author of *Twelve Chases* on West Ninety-Ninth Street recently published by Houghton Mifflin.

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House Cleaning

HOUSE OUT OF ORDER. By Richard Bolling. E. P. Dutton & Co. 253 pp. \$4.95.

Jonus V. Morris

The goal of a more effective national legislature could be achieved, to a large extent, through modifications in certain existing Congressional procedures by a majority vote in Democratic Party caucus. Apparently unaware of such possibilities, critics generally propose a time-consuming study commission, or extensive (and thus involved) changes in the rules of the House of Representatives and Senate.

One of the best books on the House of Representatives published in recent years puts the problem in excellent perspective. Rep. Richard Bolling, in *House Out of Order*, clearly describes how the House could be streamlined

by just such modifications. The book also is useful in understanding the changes made at the beginning of the present Congress earlier this year.

Bolling deals directly with the most frequently cited obstacle to an effective Congress, the seniority system. Suggestions for a change in rules in order to do away with the system have too often been misdirected, for this so-called institution is nowhere to be found in the rules of either the House or the Senate. Bolling points out that in order to modify or depose the seniority system, the members of the majority party need only to exercise powers they already have but don't use: ratification of the selection by a majority vote in caucus whether the nomination has been determined by the seniority system or some other means.

The key caucus rule changes Bolling proposes would give the Speaker, as party leader, the power to assign the Democratic members to the two most important House committees—Rules, and Ways and Means—and to nominate all committee chairmen; selections would then have to be ratified by the caucus. The effect would be a modification rather than an elimination of the seniority system, Bolling suggests, for in most cases chairmanships would continue to go to the senior man in the majority party of that committee. But where the new chairman was definitely out of sympathy with the majority of the party—as some of the Southern conservatives, such as 81-year-old Rules Chairman Howard W. Smith, now are—a more congenial man, under Bolling's proposal, could be selected.

If the caucus chose to reject a nomination by the Speaker, he would make new selections; nominations could not be made by the caucus itself. In such a manner, more authority would be vested in the party leader, but the final locus of power would rest in the caucus.

Bolling's influence as a leader and strategist of the liberal element of the House Democratic Party, represented by the Democratic Study Group (DSG), is obvious. Some of the changes that were made in the rules of the House and its Democratic caucus at the beginning of the current Congress certainly bear the distinct stamp of Richard Bolling.

Most of the changes originated with the DSG and were later approved by

Speaker John W. McCormack. These included reinstitution of the twenty-one-day rule to give the Speaker a tool with which to remove legislation from the jurisdiction of the usually obstructive Rules Committee, and vesting in the Speaker the authority to send a bill to conference on the basis of a majority voted rather than by unanimous approval of the House or the consent of the Rules Committee, as formally required.

But the most far-reaching changes were made in the caucus. Two members, John Bell Williams of Mississippi and Albert W. Watson of South Carolina, were stripped of their seniority for supporting the Republican Presidential candidate in last fall's election—a clear sign that the seniority system is not invincible when the votes to change it are there.

A second action, highly important although generally overlooked by the press, was the agreement—patterned after Bolling's suggestion—that the caucus approve committee assignments made by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee. This latter action simply reasserted, with McCormack's blessing, a practice which had been in effect from 1921 to 1951 and since fallen into disuse.

With these innovations, the stage is set for further changes at the beginning of the next Congress, particularly if the Democrats maintain their current substantial margin over the Republicans of 294 to 140, and the DSG retains a majority of the caucus membership. The change has also set the stage for further modifications in the present Congress if a vacancy occurs in a committee chairmanship and the next in line is a Southern conservative.

If the liberal arm of the Democratic Party in the House is able to maintain its strength for more than one Congress, substantial reform, even without extensive changes in House rules or study commissions, may become a reality. Even many of the serious defects in committee structure and operation could be altered once the chairmen were made aware that their positions were not invulnerable and they would have to show some response to the majority of the caucus.

Jonus V. Morris, formerly a reporter for *The Congressional Quarterly*, is presently staff director of the House Banking and Currency International Finance Subcommittee.

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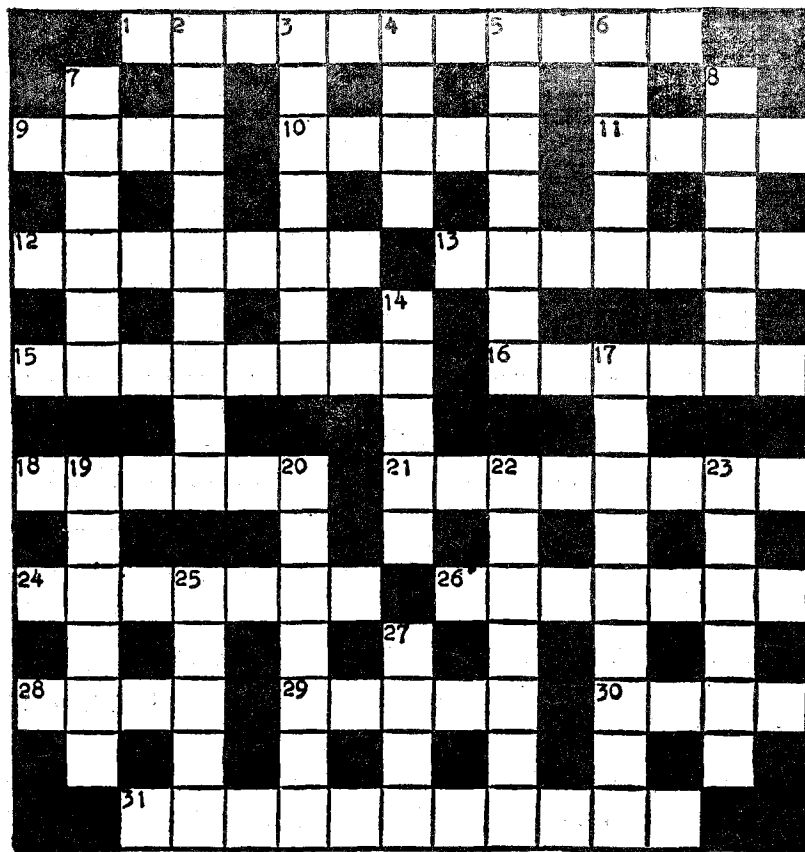
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1108

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 16. across
- 9 and 10 A good supply of what reputedly doesn't move on the market might be but one link in the chain. (4, 5)
- 11 See 28 across
- 12 Admonition to one in a tug-of-war where the sleeping accommodations might be lower. (7)
- 13 Out at first in an error, with one that might slide, but such things wouldn't be in order. (7)
- 15 There's frequently a period with it, and it could be for days, months, or even years. (8)
- 16, 18 and 1 across Implying unexpected drops shouldn't continue for long. (6, 6, 3, 4, 4)
- 21 and 24 One doesn't necessarily pass into an agreeable period of life with it. (3, 3, 2, 7)
- 26 Given for feed? (7)
- 28 and 11 across It's supposed to preclude an accidental drop in current book sales. (4-4)
- 29 and 30 Those who do might expect a rush of business, or possibly don't do enough business. (9)
- 31 My Grandfather's Clock was for a long time associated with only one date. (5, 6)

DOWN:

- 2 The end of 31 gets around to something insuring that the charge is correct. (9)
- 3 Suits an arrangement for what some programs are supposed to do.

(7)

- 4 An expert with it might play in the woods regularly. (4)
- 5 Might they be close to members of the cat family? (7)
- 6 Gets into a soft spot in the office as established. (5)
- 7 Give a nod for the medico who has nothing to employ! (6)
- 8 Worn out. (6)
- 14 The ad that might be 16 in case of play-off. (5)
- 17 Didn't follow the course, nor the subject of it? (9)
- 19 God with a tool chest. (6)
- 20 Experienced tanners try to skip this stage. (7)
- 22 What the compelling types might do. (7)
- 23 Proving a good playwright can still make a person queasy. (6)
- 25 A lot of discharges might be equivalent to broken eggs. (5)
- 27 Does wrong, as Horace did. (4)

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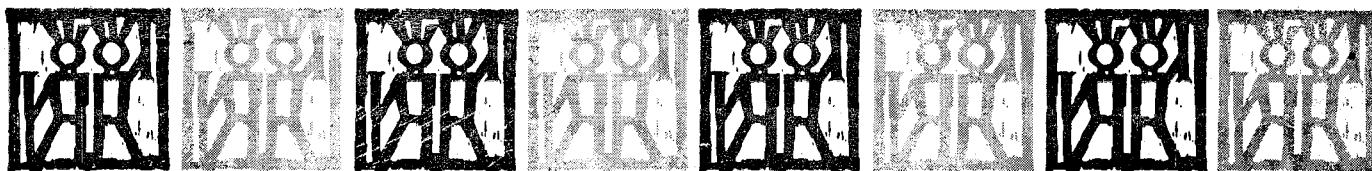
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